

LACUNAE

for mature readers

NO. 7

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INSIDE: interview with

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GAMING
COMIC
MAGAZINE
ARTIST
**KEN
MEYER
JR.**

BMJ
10-95

LUH - COON - AYE

That's how you say it. Maybe I should have picked true phonetics, but hey, who pays attention to those? I figure if people aren't going to take the time to look our title word up in a dictionary, they probably aren't familiar with pronunciation rules.

It's not out of rudeness when people ask me what LACUNAE means I reply, "look it up." I've said before, I'm an advocate for dictionary usage - got one right by my feet as I type this...



The best response I got was a reply on CompuServe by someone with whom I have had no further contact (he was a passerby). "We just got this computer and haven't figured out how to call up the dictionary yet," he said, later adding that neither he nor his buddy owned a paper-format book of words. I'm wasting my breath when I ask, "What would we do without computers?" Instead, I ask, "What would you do if yours crashed? Or what would I do, for that matter?" I'd go nuts. But I could survive. (knocking on wood that system is working)

Ah, but enough time spent typing, wondering how much longer it will take before this carpal tunnel syndrome thing, or whatever it is ailing me, becomes a permanent problem. I've gotten some pretty hilarious responses about the name of this publication:

"LACUNAE: The Magazine That's Not Only Fun to READ, it's Fun to SAY!"

- Chris Crosby, SCC

"...And to think, all this from a magazine with a title that 99% of its subscribers can't pronounce."

- again, Crosby

"LACUNAE should not be read by stupid people."

*- Terry West,
Dark Muse Productions*

The best is the people on the telephone, taking messages for publishers, creators, printers, etc. "L-A-C-U-N-A-E. Tree times a charm..." I tell them. You should see the mail; I've never seen so many ways people can interpret the spelling of a word: ALCUNA, LUCANA, LUCANUE. And the first batch of business cards: LUCUNAE.

So "who'd've" thought when I attempted to create LACUNAE as an America Online screen name, the word would already be taken by someone else? I had to resort to LACUNAEMAG. But LACUNAE (at least the guy behind that screen name) has been very helpful, forwarding e-mail and the such.

It all makes me wonder what's really in a name... I'm sure I'll find out soon enough...

P.S. Fingerhut: please stop spelling my name P-a-m-e-a-ll!

LACUNAE #7

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I Am Misfit

After a decade-long fight
to get their name back,
the Misfits are back!!

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From Carnal Comics to
Gothic Art - he's one of
the most underrated
artists around

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THERAPY

... all in a day's work ...

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a "legendary" short story
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a feast of a story

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Page 12

Infrared Graffiti

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Shock & Spank and Maya Pynions took the month off.

Look for their regular contributions in *Lacunae* #8, shipping August 1996.

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Did You Hear the One About...

by
**Gary W.
Grantham**

The story teller didn't actually look old to Michael. He just *seemed* old, his face free of wrinkles, with the exception of a few character lines. His voice was rich and deep, not the raspy voice of old men. Still, Michael couldn't shake the feeling this guy had been around for a long time.

The man abruptly stopped his story and took a long draw on his pipe. Michael followed his stare into the fireplace and then looked around at the others. They were entranced.

Michael grew impatient. Was the man stalling or did the tale have an ending? The man gazed at Michael a moment, smiled at him with cold eyes, then continued.

"And, of course, they were never found."

Several of the teenagers shivered. Not Sally.

"Yeah, right. So who was left to tell the story?"

The question shattered the mood.

"Hey, why do you always have to ruin it for everybody?" one of the kids shot off to Sally.

"It's a dumb story. It can't possibly be true," Sally said.

The man studied the girl. Pointing his pipe stem at her, he said, "The truth of a story is not always based on its historicity."

"Histor what?"

"Stories are not always historically accurate. Myths are often based on fictitious characters. That doesn't keep them from containing truth."

Jane jumped in. "Yeah, Sally. It's like what Mrs. Alford said in Lit class. Nobody believes in ancient Greek gods, but everyone can relate to their

jealousy."

"What do Greek gods have to do with jealousy?" Sally asked with a note of contempt in her voice.

Tom added his two cents. "Hera didn't like all the fooling around that Zeus was doing. But since he was the king of the gods and she was only his wife, she couldn't do much about it." Tom winked at Michael.

"Yeah, well I guess some of us can identify with that," Sally conceded bitterly.

Michael's face grew hot. He glanced toward Rachel and her long curly red hair. She was sprawled out on the floor staring at the ceiling, her legs bent, her knees pointed upward. Her loose shorts revealed more than just her upper thighs. Michael turned back to Sally. If looks could kill, his parents would be calling the mortuary, he thought.

"Jane has made a good point," the story teller said to Sally. "There's something in these stories that hooks people. That something is where real life touches their soul."

"What truth can touch my soul in a story about a couple of idiots who wander off into the woods never to be seen again?"

"Don't wander into the woods after Michael and Rachel," one of the boys taunted. Sally's face flamed red.

"Michael can wander off with anyone he wants. Provided they're dumb enough to want him." Sally's nearly yelled.

"Hey, guys, let's not spoil the rest of the evening," Jane pleaded. "My folks are going to be home in a couple of hours. They wouldn't like it if they found the house filled with a bunch of dead bodies."

"Yeah, Michael. Just tell her you're sorry and maybe Sally won't mess you up too bad."

What Tom lacked in diplomatic skill, he made up for in his ability to keep trouble brewing.

Michael half-heartedly nodded, hoping to calm the waters.

"Sally, you want something to drink?"

No answer.

"Sally?"

"Yeah, get me..." She looked again at Rachel's lean figure. "...a Diet Sprite."

Michael hurried to the table and poured the soda into a glass of ice. Jane walked up and nudged him.

"You could have been a little more discreet, you know."

"We didn't do anything. Why don't you people get off it?" He looked nervously over his shoulder to see if Sally was listening. She wasn't. She was sulking by the fireplace.

"It doesn't matter if you did anything or not. If Sally thinks you did something, you did it."

"We walked fifteen feet into the woods. We were just looking around. That doesn't mean we were fooling around."

"You've gone with Sally for a year and a half. You know she's the jealous type." She eased up. "When I said you could have been more discreet, I meant that you should have taken someone along with you."

"Right. Then she would have accused me of being involved with a threesome."

Michael glanced toward Sally again. The story teller was talking to her. Sally seemed to be listening very closely. The man turned and smiled again at Michael. Then he reached out and touched Sally on the arm. Sally shrugged. Michael could see her mouth the word "maybe."

"So, Jane, if you're so concerned about what your parents might find when they get home, how come you let that weirdo in here?" Michael asked.

"I didn't."

"Then who did?"

"Tom." She spat out the name.

"Tom? How did that happen?"

"The doorbell rang and the next thing I knew, Tom was letting him in. All I know about him is he calls himself Drakeford and he fancies himself a story teller."

Michael looked across the room at Tom, who was busy looking at Rachel. Michael's stomach tightened.

"Somebody ought to kick his butt," Michael grumbled.

"Tom thinks he runs everything. I should have told both of them to leave as soon as Tom let him in."

"I'd better get this soda to Sally."

Michael worked his way across the fireplace where Sally was still talking to Drakeford. Michael handed her the glass and let his hand linger on hers as she took the drink.

"Took you long enough," said Sally.

"I was getting a sermon from Jane about..." Michael remembered the uninvited guest. "...about something."

Drakeford spoke up. "I understand that my presence may have caused a strain on the party tonight."

Michael stiffened. Had the man heard Jane and him talking all the way across the room?

"I'll be leaving shortly. Long before our host's parents come home."

"Look. It's just that Jane didn't give Tom permission to invite other guests."

"I see."

"What's the big deal, Michael?" Sally jumped in. "Is it your job to keep Jane out of trouble?"

Drakeford held his hand up and gestured for Sally to calm down. "Please. Why don't the two of you talk things out. Obviously you both have some concerns that would be better addressed privately. I'll excuse myself to the table and enjoy some of the offerings there."

Michael thought Drakeford lingered on the word "offerings" as if he was enjoying a private joke. He waited until he was sure Drakeford couldn't possibly overhear him and then eased Sally to the side.

"What were you two talking about?"

Sally glared at him.

"Are you crazy? Who are you to ask me

anything about who I talk to? Maybe you should tell me what you and Rachel were talking about."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Then how did you mean it?"

"There's something funny going on. The guy just shows up tonight. Nobody knows him. Tom just let him in. And he gets off on these weird stories. Doesn't that sound a bit strange?"

"That some guy likes to tell a bunch of kids ghost stories? The man's just trying to play scoutmaster."

"And what adult would stay at a party for kids. Especially one that's unsupervised. He's up to something."

"Look who's been studying Parenting 101."

"This is serious. I don't like the man."

"So don't like him."

Michael looked over at the table to see if Drakeford was listening to them. He knew they were out of ear shot, but Michael had an eerie feeling the man knew everything he said *and* thought.

If Drakeford was reading Michael's mind, he gave no indication of it now. He was busy talking to Tom. Tom's face was dark with anger. He kept glancing back and forth from Drakeford to Rachel - she was oblivious to Tom's growing attention. She was busy talking to several other boys.

"That man is up to no good."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Look at him stirring up trouble with Tom."

"What?"

"Watch the way Tom keeps glaring at Rachel for talking to those other guys."

Sally eyes flashed at the mention of Rachel. "Are you sure you're not the one who's uptight about who Rachel's talking to?"

"Forget Rachel. Look at Tom. He's about to lose it."

"And you think that's Mr. Drakeford's fault? Tom loses it every week."

Before Michael could answer, Drakeford turned his attention back to him and Sally. Patting Tom on the shoulder in passing, Drakeford walked over to Michael and Sally.

"I hope you two have worked out your differences. You make a fine couple."

Michael shifted his weight and looked at Sally. Sally was staring off into the crowd of kids.

"Perhaps all is still not well?" Drakeford asked.

Michael spoke up. "I don't like to talk about my personal business with people I don't know."

If Drakeford was offended, he didn't show it.

"Then why don't we get everyone to sit down for another story. Maybe that will help us to all get to know each other."

Drakeford motioned for Michael and Sally to sit down by the fireplace and then began to gather the others. Michael noticed that Tom made it a point to elbow his way next to Rachel.

Drakeford watched them sit about the fireplace and then asked, "What kind of story shall we have?"

The kids looked around at each other.

"A tale of ghostly castles? Monsters in the dark? Or perhaps something more believable. Mad slashers, perhaps."

Michael let out a snort.

"Michael doesn't seem to care about hearing any more stories tonight," Drakeford said.

Michael squirmed as he felt everyone's eyes turn to him.

"I really didn't intend to spend the whole night listening to ghost stories. Jane planned to have some music and dancing."

"So go home," Tom said.

The others began to look nervously at the two. Jane finally spoke up.

"Nobody is going home until the party's over." She then turned to Tom. "And I don't remember hiring you as the social director for my party."

Tom grunted an acknowledgment without looking up. The others seemed to relax a little. Attention turned back to Drakeford.

"A question for Michael," Drakeford said. His statement focused the attention back on Michael. Michael hesitated a moment before responding.

"What?" Michael asked.

"Is it the subject matter of the stories or is it me to which you object?"

That laid it on the line. Michael couldn't think of a way out.

"Both," he answered.

"Please explain."

"What's to explain? I think we're a little too old for campfire ghost stories and I don't think you ought to be here without Jane's parents knowing about it."

Tom hooted. "I bet you got a Sunday School

award hanging on your wall."

"Back off," Michael fired back.

Tom pushed himself off the floor and moved in on Michael. Michael braced himself for the coming hailstorm of fists. It didn't come. Tom stopped himself and stood, glaring at Michael.

"Sit down, Tom," Jane ordered.

Tom looked around at the kids staring at him. He sat back down, but not before noticing Rachel's smirk.

"Mr. Drakeford, maybe we should call it a night," Jane said.

"I understand," Drakeford replied. "One last story and then I'll be on my way."

"Fine. One story and then that'll be that."

"Do we really have to do this?" Michael asked.

Drakeford leaned forward.

"I feel strongly about telling this last story. It will bring the party to a fitting end."

"Great. Let's end it," Michael said.

Drakeford looked from one face to another until all attention was on him. He took a deep draw on his pipe and then began.

"Earlier this evening Sally noted most stories of my vein lack historical accuracy. I reminded her that stories and myths are based on a deeper truth than facts. Take the so-called urban legends."

"Urban what?" asked Tom.

"Urban legends. Circular rumors," Drakeford replied. "Stories that spring up all over the country like the lady bitten by the snake hidden in the coat she was trying on in K-Mart. The cement worker who came home and saw a strange new car in his driveway. Thinking his wife was having an affair, he filled the car with cement. He then discovered that his wife had bought him a brand new Cadillac for his birthday."

"Have we started the story yet or is this just a boring lecture?" Tom said.

Drakeford's eyes narrowed as he continued. "None of these urban legends are factual."

"So how do they get started?" asked Sally.

"I'm glad you asked that," Drakeford said. "I do."

"You do what?" asked Michael.

"I start the circular rumors, the urban legends."

"Get real," Tom said.

"Oh, I can assure you that I am very real,"

Drakeford responded. "Michael was interested in knowing something about me earlier."

"This is stupid," Michael said, turning to Sally. "Let's get out of here."

Sally hesitated, but then followed Michael to the door. Drakeford stopped them.

"Don't you want to know who I am?"

"Hey, man, I don't care who you are," Michael shot back. "We're leaving."

"Maybe we should stay. The party's almost over," Sally said.

Michael gritted his teeth. "Fine. Whatever you want." They sat back down.

Drakeford went on. "I've been around longer than I care to say and I have served one function. I start rumors. I'm the force behind the legends."

"Oh, please. What do you take us for?" Michael sneered.

Drakeford stood to his full height. He somehow looked bigger and meaner.

"I take you for the beginning of a new story," he said darkly.

Drakeford pulled out a long thin stiletto knife.

"Did you hear the one about the teenage party massacre?"

Without waiting for them to answer, he went to work on the new story.



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Talk to Ken Meyer Jr. on the telephone and you'd never know he's preparing for mid-life.

He talks and acts like a 20-year-old and carries a focus on his art as the same. From his latest work for Caliber Comics, for the comic title *Kilroy Is Here*, to more underground magazines, gaming cards and boxes and commercial magazine illustrations, this Californian is full of pep and eagerness. It shows in his discussions online, his live discussions and most notably, in his artwork.

Though his work has appeared in titles published by Marvel, Image, Eclipse, Dark Horse and other well-known and highly advertised companies, his work at Caliber is what brings his name more into the limelight of the comics industry. It's just as well. Look at Meyer's art, and you cannot imagine why this underrated illustrator is not near the top rung of the ladder.



KEN MEYER JR.

interview by Steve Mattson

Let's just jump right in the deep end, Ken - what work do you feel you're best known for?

I'm probably known in a couple of places for different things... In the comic world, I guess in my limited way, I'm best known for *Kilroy Is Here* from Caliber, since it's my longest running work so far. Though I've had other things in comics by Marvel, Image, Eclipse, Dark Horse and others.

A lot of fans know your work from the MAGIC "The Gathering" cards.

Yeah, there's one card, "Kird Ape", that's really common, and another, "Guardian Beast" - that's really rare. But I've done work now for about eight different games from several companies.

I know you're a long time comics fan, are you also a gamer?

No, heck no, I hardly have time to have a good ol' Dr. Pepper, much less learn anything new! But yes, I've been reading comics since I was a wee tike.

Then how do you get into the heads of the game players?

Well, to be honest, I guess I don't. I sort of treat it like any assignment; read the stuff the company gives me, do research, etc. Then I do the artwork. I meet some fans at cons though, and get feedback.



Ken's superhero character, Feral.
Sort of part wolverine, part cat.

So, you're able to tap into the fantasy worlds in these games without "rolling the dice?"

Yeah, I guess so. Just the massive amounts of caffeine and sugar from the Dr. Pepper, I guess.

Dr. Pepper-fueled fantasy worlds?

Oh, you'd be surprised at the multiple uses for the drink of champions.

Besides MAGIC, tell us about some of the other games you've done illustrations for.

First, it was MAGIC (though before that I did work for gaming books from companies like Mayfair and White Wolf), then RAGE, later came MIDDLE EARTH "Legend of the Five Rings", SHADOWFIST, MORTAL KOMBAT, JYHAD/VTES, ICE AGE. That's all I can remember for now. Must be the Dr. Pepper. Oh, did I mention I drink Dr. Pepper? (Gotta keep up the corporate sponsorship, y'know).

Oh, and there was a religious game called REDEMPTION.

Were you redeemed?

No, my wife's an atheist, she wouldn't have it!

What kind of feedback do you get from MAGIC fans about your cards? Do you have any extra "Guardian Beast" cards for sale?

No Guardian Beasts to be had, man. Though a really nice fan (hey, Liz!) sent me a few when she heard I had none. I get cards through the mail all the time (to sign), so I get that sort of feedback... really nice and complimentary.

What other MAGIC artists do you admire?

Well, actually, the MAGIC artists usually admire the artists the fans don't like so much. The ones who maybe don't do representational work, but do really nice paintings - like Doug Gregory and Drew Tucker.

Any inside dirt on the Wizards of the Coast crew?

Well, I have used several members of the company as models for characters.

Okay, names - what WotC bigwigs are on what cards?

Hey, my memory is so bad, I'm sure I'd just piss someone off by not remembering them, so I'll quit while I'm ahead.

Are you going to be doing anymore work for WotC?

Well, that company is going through an upheaval of sorts right now. Once the company started making tons of dough, the lawyers decided the artists shouldn't get as much, so the royalty payments are stopping soon in many areas and that's causing a lot of artists to

leave. I haven't decided what I'm gonna do. A great art director of mine, Sandra Garavito, just left, though I don't know if it was because of what I mentioned.

Money changes everything.

Boy Howdy.

Is any of your MAGIC or other gaming art for sale?

Oh, yeah, pretty much whatever I have is for sale. Call me an art prostitute! I have sold most of the JYHAD art and the early MAGIC stuff, though. I market a lot of this stuff through my company, "Gothik Art".

Gothik Art - where did the name come from?

Well, my work, especially the early White Wolf stuff, was of a macabre nature, and I can't remember if I had an incredible braincramp or saw something somewhere, but it just seemed to fit.

So Gothik Art is your own company that you've set up to sell your original artwork.

Well, to sell T-shirts and prints mainly, since most people can't afford, or don't want to spend what it takes, to get the originals. But, if the original is available, and someone asks, I will sell it.

And the artwork you use for these prints and such was originally generated for your gaming and comics clients?

For the most part, though there are a lot of unrelated images in there too, such as commissions, sports and music personalities, etc.

It's nice that you can get your originals returned and retain reproduction rights after your client's initial use - it didn't used to be that way.

Yeah, don't I know it.

You used to be quite a comics letterhack in the '70s. What was it like being a comics fan then, especially compared to now?

Oh man, those were the days. Maybe I feel that way because of the waves of nostalgia floating through my brain, but I had a lot of fun back in the mid-70's with 'zines like *TBG*, *NOSEX*, *Venture*, *CPL*, *The Collector*, *Fantastic Fanzine* (need 'em!), and working with people like Don Chin, Matt Bucher, Steve Streeter, David Heath Jr., etc. Fun days. That's when I had my first published work, a Bruce Lee drawing, inked my Brent Anderson, who I was corresponding with at the time (he was just on the cusp of prodom at that point).

Back then you didn't have a well-lit comics specialty shop in every town - where did you get your fanzines and back issues?

When I was in about the 9th grade, back in Savannah, Georgia, a librarian actually gave me a copy of *The Buyer's Guide* #8, I think, and that started me in on fandom. I can remember, also, buying comics when I musta been 9 or 10 and tracing them with carbon paper, which is how I learned to draw. I can also remember stealing them in a winter coat I had torn the lining on. Sorry, ma. That *Buyer's Guide*, from about '71 was published by Alan Light. I wrote to him and he sent me a bunch of fanzines FREE! Now, would that happen today?

Nope. Can you tell us what's your favorite all time comic book series? Nostalgia tainted opinions are acceptable...

That's impossible! But some of my favorites include Wrightson's *Swamp Thing*, Smith's *Conan*, Adam's *Avengers*, *Nexus*, *American Flagg*, *Cerebus*, and any comics work by Mazzuchelli. Oh, and Steranko's *S.H.I.E.L.D.* & *X-Men* and Adams' *X-Men*.

When I was in the 9th grade I woulda jumped for joy if I knew that some day there would be comics with high production values, comics shops all over the place, and the Marvel and DC characters crossing over with each other - so the question is are you jumping for joy over the current condition of comics?

Well, I don't know if I would've known from high production values, but I'd say no. The big distribution deals are freezing out the little guys, from what I hear, and the comics I enjoy most are gonna be the ones to go under from this crap.

So, what current comics are you enjoying?

Well, it's probably because I'm a doddering old 39, but the ones I enjoy most are the self-published comics like *THB*, *Stray Bullets*, almost anything from Fantagraphics, and smaller company books like *Replacement God* (go, Zander!), *Hairbat*, *Strangers in Paradise*, all the usual suspects (great film!). Also Vertigo books like *Preacher*, *Hellblazer* and anything Dave McKean sneezes on. Oh, can't forget a few Caliber books - usually anything by Bendis, Mack, Gaydos...Oh, can't forget those amazing Los Brothers Hernandez!

The first thing of yours I ever saw was Clint "The Hamster Triumphant." Tell us a little about that project...

Oh, THAT book. Well, that was probably the most fun I had doing a comic. Don (Chin) would give me a script or plot and I could mess with the script as much as I liked, making it as funny as possible, with as many in-jokes, silly jokes and just plain stupid jokes as possible. Mike Dringenberg inked that book too, and he usually says the same thing.

Whatever happened to Mike Dringenberg?

Ahhh, the disappearing Mike... He went on to near obscurity as the guy who helped to invent "Death..." never achieved the incredible heights of popularity that I have. Poor guy.

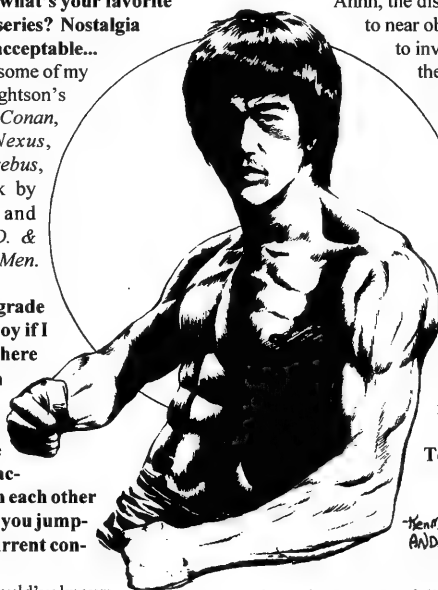
Well, after cocreating Death - what do you do for an encore?

Well, I hear he has been working on something big for awhile now, and I did just see something of his in *Shock The Monkey*, and a short story somewhere else as well. The guy is really an amazing artist, I wish I'd see more of his stuff.

Tell us a little about your professional journey from Clint to Kilroy.

Clint was my first big pro job, and I fought with deadline problems due to a new full-time job I got at the time (a funny side note: you can see in the margins of that comic, notes from Cat Yronwode referring to our lateness, notes that were meant to be whited out!). Later came bits and pieces here and there. I did two pages of an *American* story for Dark Horse, some stuff for *Megaton* (that which spawned Liefeld, Angel Medina, and Larsen's *Savage Dragon*), *Cry For Dawn*, something with Kurt Busiek for Marvel's *Open Space*, some work for a British Publisher called *Apocalypse (Aquarius)* that never was completely published, then not too long ago, *Midnight Sons Unlimited* for Marvel. Even did some trading art for Image. Can't forget all those Revolutionary Comics covers, either.

continued on page 42





Indeed, this is my last meal.

The sweet ripple of wine arouses
my tongue. The room, awash
with the heat of bodies, fills my
nostrils. The light touch of wood
rests gently beneath my fingers.

I break the news like a stone 'gainst glass.

"My Blood"

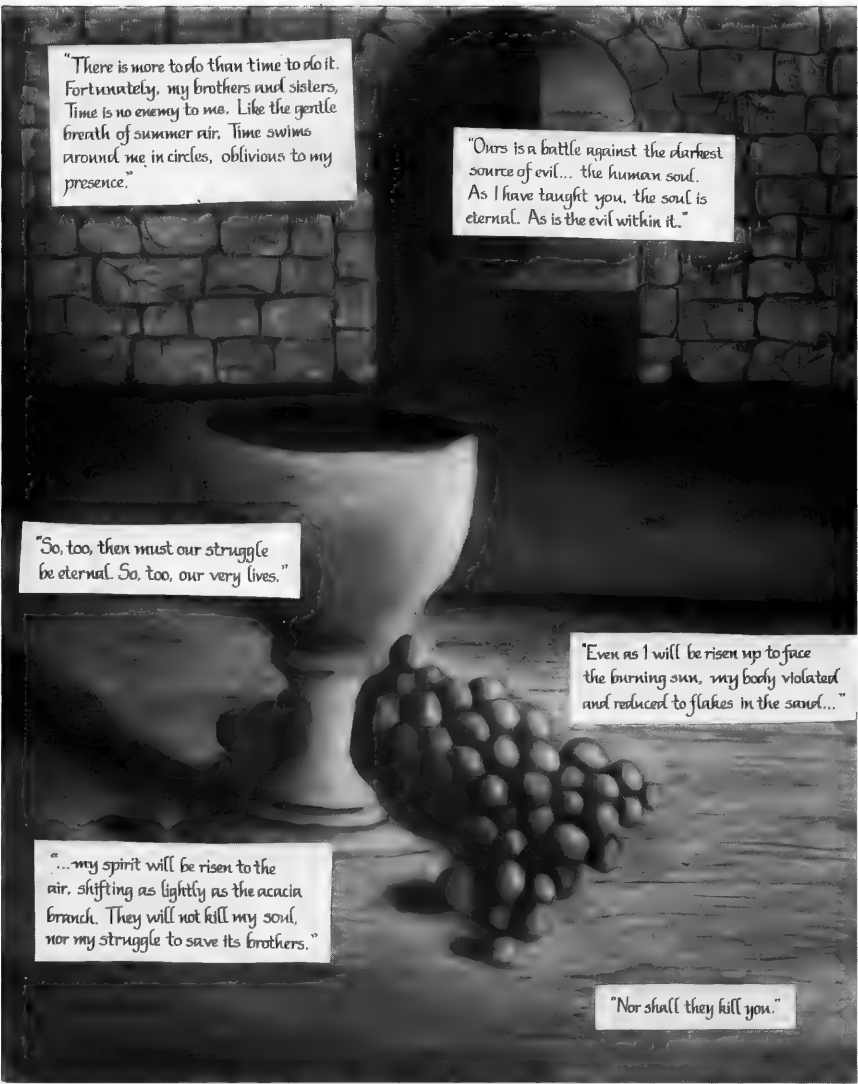
written by Christopher Paris

illustrated by Nicole Duei

lettered by Nicole Duei & Marco D'Abate

edited by Pamela Hazelton

"You will suffer, my friends. Suffer greatly."



"There is more to do than time to do it.
Fortunately, my brothers and sisters,
Time is no enemy to me. Like the gentle
breath of summer air, Time swims
around me in circles, oblivious to my
presence."

"Ours is a battle against the darkest
source of evil... the human soul.
As I have taught you, the soul is
eternal. As is the evil within it."

"So, too, then must our struggle
be eternal. So, too, our very lives."

"Even as I will be risen up to face
the burning sun, my body violated
and reduced to flakes in the sand..."

"...my spirit will be risen to the
air, shifting as lightly as the acacia
branch. They will not kill my soul,
nor my struggle to save its brothers."

"Nor shall they kill you."

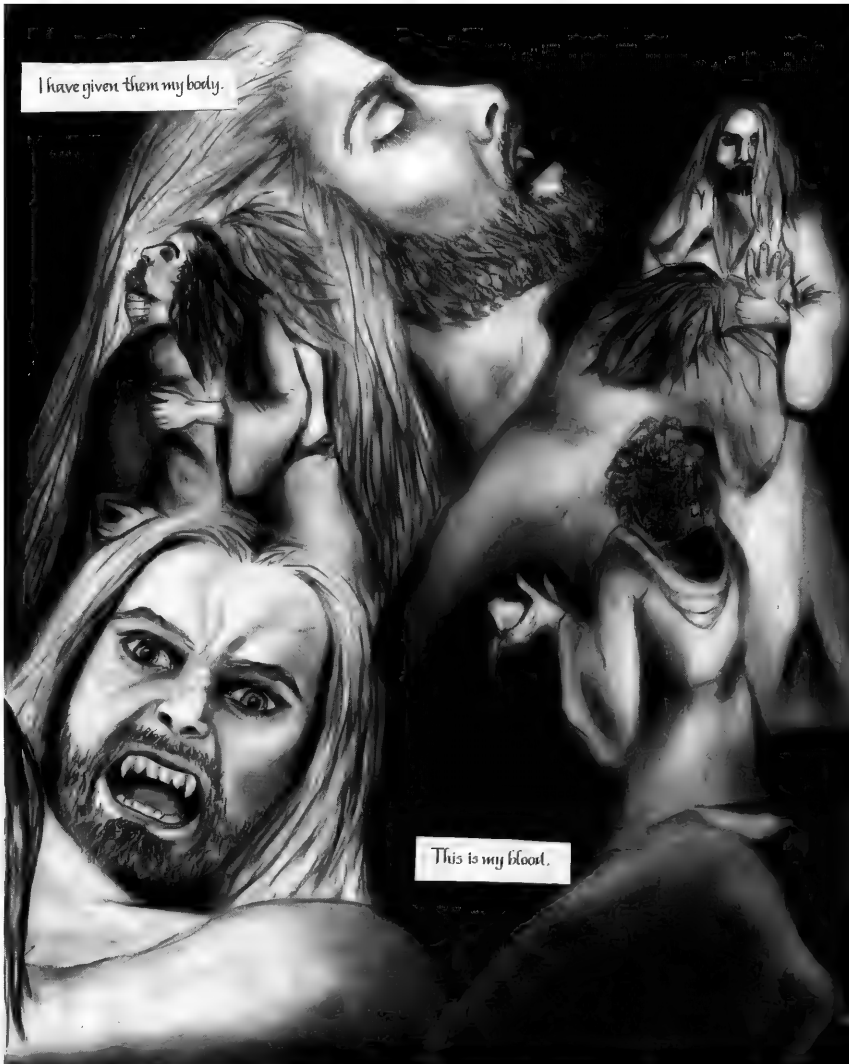


"You will face horrors
that will make you fear
death, and tortures to
make you crave it."

"You will be cursed upon
the planet like a sickness,
driven like fevered dogs.
The ignorant will fear
you, and spread their
fear with myth and
horror."

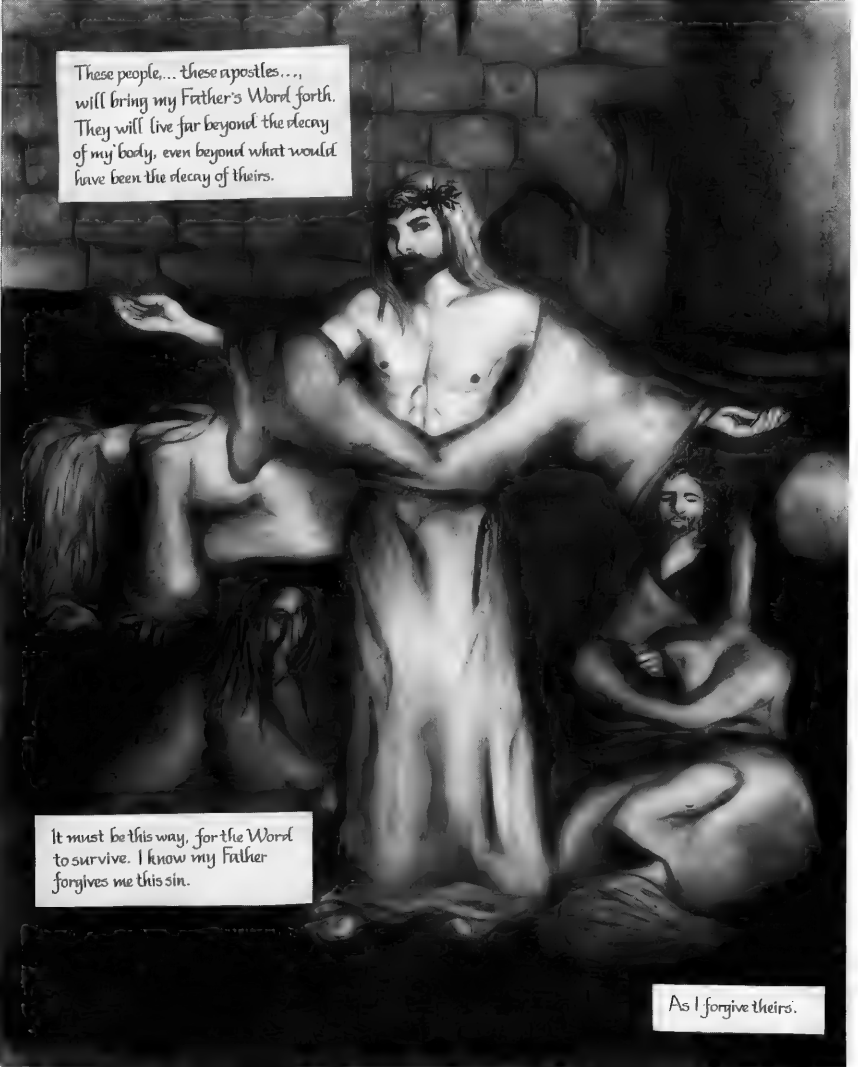
"And yet, I can do nothing to stop it."

Lest I strip the humanity from them
completely...



I have given them my body.

This is my blood.



These people... these apostles...,
will bring my Father's Word forth.
They will live far beyond the decay
of my body, even beyond what would
have been the decay of theirs.

It must be this way, for the Word
to survive. I know my Father
forgives me this sin.

As I forgive theirs.

BENEATH THE RACKS

News & reviews from the world of independent publishers

Kitchen Sink hits hard this May

As if this controversial comic book publisher hasn't released enough to keep readers eagerly awaiting more, Kitchen Sink is mixing raucous comedy with gothic horror and classic comic strips this May.

Atomic City Tales #1 takes us to the whiz-bang world of Atomic City, home to rock musician turned super-powered cosmic entity Big Bang and his reluctant band of heroes, the Astonishers. Jay Stephens (Sin Comics, The Land of Nod) authors and illustrates this cartoon-style book, where he is kidnapped by Doc Phantom to chronicle the events at his big bash. Big Bang must journey from the 17th dimension and make a cool costume before he can come to the rescue. 24 b/w pg, f/c cover, \$2.95 USA.

The Crow returns again in *The Crow: Flesh and Blood #1*, a new miniseries written by James Vance (*Batman: Legends of the Dark Night*) and illustrated by Alexander Maleev (*The Crow: Dead Time*). Here, Irish Saw, a Federal conservation officer, dies a grisly death when her office building explodes by the hands of right-wing terrorists. The spirit of the Crow answers her tortured soul's thirst for justice by raising her from the coffin and imbuing her with its mystic force. Besides for herself, Iris also seeks revenge for her unborn child. The first f/c cover of this b/w three-issue (monthly) series is supplied by J. O'Barr. \$2.95 USA.

The long-awaited 10th and final issue of *Cages* hits this month from Dave McKean. A surreal black comedy, *Cages* tells the intermingling stories of the residents of Menu House, a city apartment building perched precariously close to the edge of creation. Magic weaves in and out of the shredded fabric of reality. #9 (April) saw the end of the world. Now Leo and Karen face God (and his cat) and learn how the Universe works. 48 pg, two-color int., f/c section, \$4.95.

Violent Cases, the first collaboration of McKean and Neil Gaiman, will rehit stands this month.

Dung Boys #2 (of 3), by artist and writer Robb Conaway, features characters like Buck Naked Texas Ranger, Stickee Stiletto and KillforceDeathstrikeBloodyheadBloodblow. Need we say more? 32 b/w pg, \$2.95 USA.

Rob Hanes takes a turn

Beginning June 1996, Rob Hanes will be a pretty hip and sexy guy, according to creator Randy Reynaldo.

In an effort to "make the series more contemporary and accessible for today's audiences," Reynaldo announced changes to begin in *Adventure Strip Digest #4*.

"The simple title of *Adventure Strip Digest* may have led some readers to believe that the comic book is an anthology," Reynaldo said. He added that he will can the long-running policy to keep all stories self-contained and will introduce "a stronger sense of continuity in Rob's adventures."

ASD features the modern-day adventures of Hanes, a private investigator and international troubleshooter from Justice International, who also does freelance intelligence work for several organizations, including the CIA, United Nations and European Union.

Reynaldo's work has gained widespread praise in the comics industry. He is a Xeric Foundation Grant recipient and was nominated for the 1995 Russ Manning Award for Most Promising Newcomer.



ROB HANES

Genie Pick

Here's some of our top picks for recent releases. So sit back, relax, and check out some of the best independent books available.



➤ Genus #18

Venus Comics - a division of Antartic Press; 32 b/w pages, f/c covers, bi-monthly: anthology featuring the genres of anthropomorphic and humor. This issue: "Living Doll" by Paul Kidd and Kurt Wilcken - a sultry sex-bot stuns her new owner with her 'added features.' Brothers Grinn's "Zeu and the Art of Costume Management" - ever wonder how superheroes get out of their costumes? Kinda gets in the way of a quickie! **ADULTS ONLY.** \$2.95 USA, \$4.10 Canada, May.

PROMOTION: How Today's Creators

Broke Into Comics...And Their Advice To You!

Boardwalk Press, 196 pgs, by Brian Saner-Lamken. With more than 70 interviews with artists, writers, editors and publishers, this book is a quick reference for those wanting to break into the comics arena. Before even picking up this book, we'll pass on one tip stated by several contributors to this book - "Don't quit your day job."

Promotion covers various genres, with advice and technique information from Scott McCloud, Dick Ayers, Barry Blair, Kurt Busiek, Nat Gertler, Jim Valentino, Mark Waid, Shannon Wheeler. Stan Lee, Don Simpson, Terry Moore and dozens of others making the mark on comics today also make contributions - including portions of their artwork. **PROMOTION** is one of the most personal advice books you'll read. \$14.95 USA/\$19.95 CAN; P O Box 362, Wynnewood, PA 19096-0362

Megaton Man vs. Forbidden Frankenstein #1 Fiasco Comics, 32 b/w pages, f/c covers, one-shot. Leave it to Don Simpson to bring two independent universes together. A collaboration of Simpson's Megaton Man and pals with Anton Drek's Tomb Team - Forbidden Frankenstein, Dracula's Daughter, The Monster's Bride and Moon Wolf forum under Megaton Man sidekick Preston Percy. "Megaton Man and his pals, Yarn Man, Gower Goose, X-Ray Boy and Cowboy Gorilla are cruising around Detroit in a VW van, so naturally they become the earth's first line of defense," Simpson said. Here, the origin of Mooncat is revealed. Simpson's art and storytelling in this special one-shot is bound to grab your attention, making you more aware of an independent comics market. Simpson is well known for his superhero parodies, while Drek is notorious for adults only, underground comics. **ALL AGES.** \$2.95 USA, April.

Cold Eden #1

Legacy, 32 b/w pgs. Picking up where a 4-issue miniseries left off, Cold Eden #1, now a bi-monthly comic, features Kara, a girl claiming to have been alive when the Neo-Genesis happened. What is the Neo-Genesis, fortunately Adam Swan, writer and artist of the series, provides a glossary of all terms used in the title. If you haven't read the previous issues, picking up where they left off is not the easiest thing to do, but Swan has provided a complete synopsis to date, and the previous issues are available through mail order. At any rate, these penciled, half tone pages are some of the best we've seen from an independent company today. The writing is intellectual, and the storyline is one that makes us eagerly await the next issue. \$2.35 USA/\$2.95 CAN, Feb.

Oz: Romance in Rags #1

Caliber Comics, 32 b/w pages, f/c cover. Scraps, aka the Patchwork Girl, still believes the Scarecrow must be under enchantment. But her companions are set to wage a war that may mean his destruction. This is set in a time before the first issue of the Ozseries. A time when evil walked the land, when friends turned to foes and no one could be trusted. Features characters created by L. Frank Baum in his novels. A three-issue miniseries, it is a self-contained story not to be missed. \$2.95 USA, May.



Independent Cinema

Everyone wants to make a movie. Either they want to write one, direct one, film one, produce one or be in one. The Independent Cinema is one of the easiest (and unfortunately, cheapest) way to convey just about any story on video or film.

Addicted to Murder

Unrated, Horror

Mick McCleery, Laura
McLauchlin, Sasha Graham

Director/Producer:

Kevin Lindenmuth

Writers:

Kevin Lindenmuth

Tom Piccirilli

Brimstone Productions

3 W 102nd St, Ste #4B

New York, NY 10025

Lets make it simple and cut to the chase. With a \$20 price tag, this release by Brimstone Productions leaves far more to be desired. With few effects (mostly editing with dubbing and computer equipment), there's one thing this 90-minute flick lacks that would leave any viewer wondering why it was given its title. I don't recall seeing any real killing.

The packaging describes the main character, Joel Winter, as a serial killer to encounters something that may be responsible for the killer he is. His special childhood friend, Rachel, who happens to be a vampire, prompts Joel later to try to recapture the strange relationship. When he meets Angie at The Hungry, a nightclub,

he finds she is akin to Rachel, and Joel *allegedly* begins to question is life and begins to kill again. "To vampires in one lifetime is not a coincidence. The more he's drawn into the vampiric vortex, the more he becomes aware of his own horror," advertising reads. With news commentaries intermixed with the picture itself, viewers are told about Joel's marriage and about the killings he's committed. I just would have liked to have seen those killings on-screen, rather than just hearing about them from other characters, such as his ex-wife and doctors.

Addicted to Murder's creators may have a good storyline and per-

haps even a fine plot. Unfortunately, it lies behind a mask of choppy footage, poor effects and clearly, a lack of funding. I'm always willing to compromise master effects for an outrageous and deep plot, but in this case, at least on-screen, neither exist.

Savage Harvest

Unrated, Horror

Lisa Morrison, Ramona
Midgett, William Clifton,
David Berliner, Rebecca
Kennebeck, Rick Fischer

Director/Writer:

Eric Stanze

for info, write:

Brimstone Productions

3 W 102nd St, Ste #4B

New York, NY 10025

A land once inherited by a Cherokee tribe traps six innocent victims who must unlock the riddles left behind by the Cherokee elder. This movie attempts to portray a horrific aftermath of the agony and death of the Trail of Tears. We're not sure if it does that, but it does present better special effects and elements than present in many independent films we've received for review.

When a group of young adults agree to help clean up one of their uncles' properties, they look forward to a weekend of fun camping, and possibly love with some of their companions. What happens, however, is just the opposite.

Though we can appreciate the storyline, we found a bit too much narrative educating the audience, and a little too much "dead" time - where stills and panning of unnecessary objects remain too long on the screen. These drawbacks are made up for in the effects of spewing blood and screams.

There is no way to compare such a low budget film to that of the big screen, only in the story and acting itself, of which *Savage Harvest* does fall short of. But for a 75-minute flick to pass the time and study one's own filmmaking understanding, it can pay off with a world of independent ideas.

Lacunae invites filmmakers and reviewers to submit their material. Send all kits to:
P O Box 827
Clifton Park, NY 12065



Angie at The Hungry, a nightclub,

With two new band members and a new mark to make in the world of raw, progressive rock (mixed with poppish and sometimes punkish sounds), The Misfits are steadily gaining recognition as a collaboration of original sounds with new and upscaled talent. Recently returning from a European tour, and readying for a slew of international appearances, original band members Jerry Only and Doyle, as well as latest members Dr. Chud and Michael Graves, are giving a whole new meaning to the label thousands of fans are leaving each show with - that they, too are Misfits.

It was 1977 when then 17-year-old Jerry Only teamed up with 21-year-old Glenn Danzig to become Misfits. The only other member was Manny, a mutual friend of Jerry and Glenn. That same year, the trio released Cough/Cool - their first single, released on their own blank Records. Only 500 copies were released of this pre-guitar recording (the A side and B side title, "She," each featured Danzig on keyboards, Manny on drums and Jerry on bass).



By A.J. Ryan & Pamela Hazelton

After six years of working like "wild animals," working with newer members and working with different acquaintances, The Misfits became no more, as lead vocalist Danzig went onto his own ventures, first as the lead of Samhain. What transpired from there was one of the most horrific elements that could affect any musician then and today: Jerry Only and his brother, Doyle, could play all the music they wanted. But they couldn't perform under The Misfits name. It became a decade-plus long struggle, fighting in court and through lawyers, with Danzig and his big guns, for Jerry and Doyle to finally reap the benefits of ever having been a part of a band that sang and performed about horror and horror films.

Today, Jerry leads the band, with new members Dr. Chud and Graves, along with longtime sidekick Doyle, on a whirlwind of new songs, merchandise, tours and recognition. Die-hard, longtime fans eagerly awaited the return of the devil locks and skulls, while new listeners are appreciating an untraditional form of music. Though still limited to some constraints on just what The "newer" Misfits can and cannot do, the four-man team is dead

set on one thing - making their mark now the way they want to do it.

Before we can jump behind the scenes with The Misfits of 1996, however, we first must delve into the past - before the first split, before the new members joined. Those of us who became fans early on - in the late '70s and early '80s want to know. And The Misfits today, well, they think we ought to know...

JERRY ONLY on THE PAST

Is it true that you, Doyle and Glenn were demented children?

A lot of people think that, but not really. There were never any real problems. Glenn, Doyle and I came from your average, middle-class, suburban New Jersey families. My dad's a machinist and Glenn's was a television repairman. I did get locked up a few times with The Misfits, but it was more like good, clean fun.

Who came up with The Crimson Ghost as a symbol for the band?

Glenn and I had started a T-shirt company called Horror House. We wanted to go into Manhattan and sell different monster shirts that we thought were cool just to make some extra money. One day we were thumbing through a bunch of monster magazines, looking for new T-shirt ideas, and we stumbled across the Crimson Ghost. We placed The Misfits logo over him and it just worked.

Do you have any original Misfits singles (they're worth...)?

Nah, all my stuff's gone. I gave it all away. Kids would hear the band practicing and they would bang on my front door, saying, "Hey, we heard your band! You guys sounded great!" So I'd pull out a "Horror Business," sign it and give it away. We didn't get to keep

much - like three or four copies for each guy in the band. After time, the stuff disappears. But it all went into good hands.

What was Glenn like onstage? As a friend?

Glenn was like an older brother to me. I watched his back and he'd watch mine. If anybody fought one of us, they fought us both. And many times it came down to that.

How was he to work with as a performer?

Glenn was very opinionated, and he wasn't easily swayed. If he felt strongly about something, it was hard to make him bend. So in some ways he was hard to work with. He wasn't lazy, and he was very progressive. In the band he held up his corner and sometimes even more than that. I was

the same way.

What's the true story about Bobby Steel? Why was he ejected from the band? One rumor is that you wanted your brother up on the stage instead.

There's no truth to that. I'll admit I was grooming Doyle from day one - he was always going to be my guitar player somewhere down the line. At that time, Bobby was supposed to track The Misfits Three Hits from Hell. Back then, we liked to record our songs all in one take. We'd all stand in

one room and do it live. The problem was, if one person didn't show up on time, we were limited to what we could get done. So we'd be there, doing what we could, stuck without a guitar player, and Bobby would roll in hours late saying the trains were late.

We'd have to wait around for him to warm up and get his

amp sounding right. By that time, he just wasn't loose playing at all. He would stop halfway through a take because he couldn't keep up with the rest of us, and we would have to start all over. So I told Doyle he might as well start practicing. It ended up that Doyle's tracks were coming through a lot cleaner than Bobby's. So it finally came to the point where I had to say, "Hey, I'm paying for the studio time, let's go with what sounds better," and that was Doyle.

I used the excuse that he couldn't jump out of a coffin to throw him out of the band, only because I didn't have the heart to tell him that the real reason was because he was



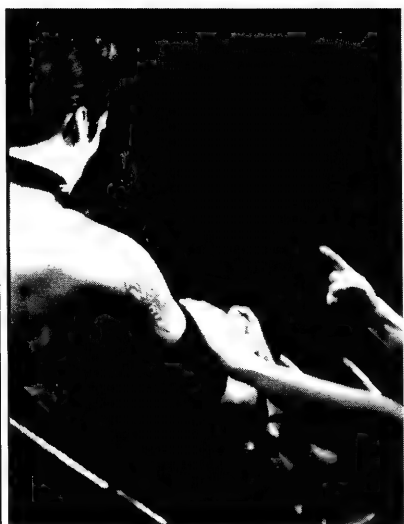


photo by christoph just

constantly screwing up. It was a lame excuse, but I tried to spare his feelings. But I don't want to argue with Bobby. I really hope he does well for himself. He can even open a show for us, I don't care. He thought that after he left the band, we were telling club owners not to book him, not to deal with him - that's just not true.

What do you think of The Undead?

He stole the name from me! One night, while he was still in the band, Bobby and I were hanging by my house and I told him I was thinking about starting a side project with Dave Vanian (The Damned). Not to leave The Misfits, but to do something

different. At the time, the guys in The Damned were screwing Dave around big time, playing gigs behind his back and keeping the money. So I wanted to put out this album, or maybe a four song EP, release it on Plan 9 records and call it The 1980 Undead. It was 1980 when Bobby was asked to leave, and he used the name Undead. I can even show you on my leather jacket. I had The Misfits on the top and The Undead on the bottom. After Bobby did that to me, I said, "I better scrape this Undead shit off." But if you look close, you can still see it. But that's old now, and I truly hope Bobby does well for himself because I know he enjoys his music.

The Undead 1980 project - is that why Glenn wrote "Archangel"?

Yes, Glenn wrote the song for Dave Vanian and we (The Misfits) did it great. Dave came over to my house and Glenn sang it for him. Then Dave sang it and it sounded great. So I told him that when he gets back to The States, we'd record it, but he never came back.

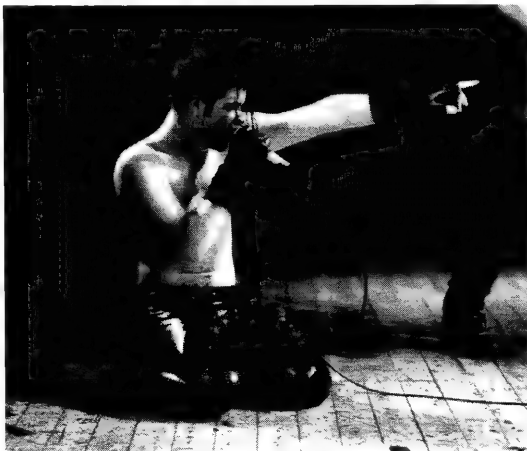
People used to say you guys never practiced.

That's bullshit. The Misfits used to practice all the Goddamn time. In the winter, my cellar freezing, with smoke coming out of our mouths; in the summer, baking in 90-degree heat until we almost died. We were really taking ourselves seriously. But at the same time, we didn't take the business end of it

serious at all. The attitude of the music and the whole scene was: who gives a shit about the business.

The Misfits went to England to open for The Damned. But it never happened.

It would have been one of our biggest shows. One day Dave and I got to-



New lead singer Michael Graves rocks in Germany

- photo by christoph just

gether and agree The Misfits would open for them. Three weeks before they needed us there I got a telegram. So we ran around, got our passports. I had to come up with money for the plane tickets. When we got there, their manager, Doug Smith, screwed us. He wouldn't give us the money we were promised. Rat Scabies was producing a band from Ireland, and he put them in our spot. Dave nor anybody went to bat for us, so we wound up walking off the tour.

4/29 RICHMOND, VA - TWISTERS
 4/30 WINSTON - SALEM, NC - ZIGGY'S
 5/1 WASHINGTON, D.C. - THE NEW 9:30 CLUB
 5/2 PHILADELPHIA, PA - THE TROCADERO
 5/3 ASBURY PARK, NJ - THE STONE PONY
 5/4 PROVIDENCE, RI - CLUB BABYHEAD
 5/5 CAMBRIDGE, MASS - THE MIDDLE EAST CLUB
 5/6 DANBURY, CONN - SUB ZERO CLUB
 5/7 LANCASTER, PA - THE CHAMELEON CLUB
 5/10 TORONTO, ONT - THE OPERA HOUSE
 5/11 DETROIT, MICH - ST. ANDREWS HALL
 5/12 CLEVELAND, OH - THE ODEON CONCERT HALL

Let me guess. That's when Glenn wrote "London Dungeon?"

You got it. And to make it worse, Glenn said that in England, they don't have bars in their jails. They have this gully, or trench of land, and they let badgers and wolverines

roam around free. So if you tried to escape, there was a good chance you'd get eaten.

I know Glenn and Bobby didn't go out looking for trouble. They just wanted to look around and see The Jam. The Mis-

fits weren't like that. It was just something that happened.

The lock-up in England came next?

You got it. This guy, Derek, saw us walking down the street and wanted to be our manager. He was doing some artsy-fartsy color mag and was real interested in us. We had no money and no place to stay. Luckily, he owned a bed and breakfast and put us up in the basement. Things got kind of boring. We had no money and nothing to do. When Sid Vicious' mom was here in the States, I helped her out when she ran into a tragedy. So I called her and told her I was in London. She said she was going to visit a friend and she'd like to take me along and show me the sights. So I told the guys I'd be back in a few days, just to lay low. When I left, I didn't think I'd have to call and check up on them, because they had no money and no place to go. But they got free tickets or something and went to see The Jam at Rainbow Theater. Glenn told me he and Bobby were walking down the street and there were a bunch of skinheads following them, and they wanted to start some shit with Glenn. Glenn said he looked for Bobby for some help, but he was gone. Glenn grabbed a piece of broken glass from a broken window and the Bobbies grabbed him. Derek wound up getting Glenn out by the time I got back, but he was in an uproar. Glenn said all these British guys in jail were busting on him... saying they hated Yanks and all that kind of shit.

The last live show with Glenn was Halloween 1983. Shortly after, the band was history. Why didn't you just roll right over into Samhain?

It kind of wound up the way it was meant to be. When we broke up, Glenn went ahead and started his own band he wanted to be boss of. See, The Misfits didn't have a boss. We worked like wild animals. We could not have been governed. We had no sets of rules. We all worked like a pack of wolves. Each guy was a part of the pack and each guy had a say. Now with Glenn's newest band, Danzig, a lot of that subsided because of the concept he's trying to portray. The Misfits only tried to govern our image, where we were going, and we let the music do what it did.

When Glenn and I split, I didn't take care of the business end of it like I should have, which caused this great drouth...not being able to go out and perform as The Misfits. We kinda screwed ourselves. We figured we'd just pickup (The Misfits name) later. And when we went to do that, it was gone. Caroline Records had it. Now, Glenn has cut us loose. He let us have the name back, and we're moving forward. But it took many years of wasted time to come to this.

Is it true you were erased off "Legacy of Brutality?"



The Misfits are (from left): Doyle, Mi



Michael Graves, Dr. Chud & Jerry Only

photo by Gina Minichino

Well, those aren't my bass tracks.

Is that a yes?

Yeah, it's a yes. I heard that Glenn redid them, but I'm not sure if he did, or somebody else did.

Why would Glenn do that?

I don't know. I can say a lot of things, but they would all be negative, and they wouldn't help any situation. I did talk with some people that were involved in the **Legacy of Brutality** sessions, and they said that they didn't think Glenn erased my tracks. My tracks were supposedly used as reference tracks, so they should still be there.

Why wasn't anybody paid for all the Misfits merchandise, singles, albums and CDs? Or were you? Bobby Steele said he wasn't paid for anything he played on including the first thirteen songs he played guitar on The Misfits compilation.

As it stands now, Bobby's only on one song on that compilation. When we were speaking with Glenn, he said he redid Bobby's guitars.

Glenn had signed contracts with Caroline as Plan 9 records to distribute the work. This said Plan 9 Records owned all The Misfits tapes. Caroline told us they paid Glenn, so we needed to talk to Plan 9 for our share of the money. Caroline was also at fault for not making sure all the paperwork was done correctly.

So it wasn't Glenn, it was Caroline Records.

No, it was Glenn. He collected the money. He just never sent it to anybody.

So in all fairness, there were some things that Glenn did that were wrong.

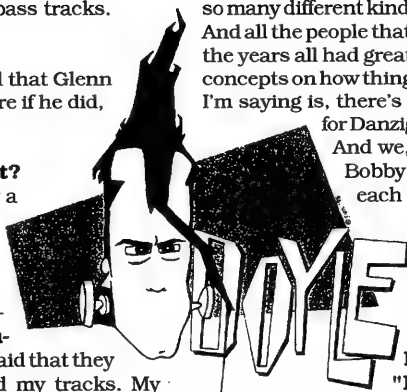
Yes, that's true. But to be a real man about things, when you settle a disagreement with someone, it's very important that it's done... that it's over. I ran into Glenn during these transactions, and as I've said, I still care about the guy. I wish him no harm. I wish him all the best, as well as the guys in his band. I'm in Glenn's corner again, and if he chooses to be friends with me, great, but if not, I'll have to live with it.

There's so much room in this industry for

so many different kinds of music and bands. And all the people that I've worked with over the years all had great ideas, and their own concepts on how things should be. So, what I'm saying is, there's room for The Misfits, for Danzig, and for The Undead.

And we, Glenn,

Bobby and I, shouldn't be at each others throats. We all should look and see how we fit into our own specific catalogues, be our best, and ride it that way.



Is it true that the "Horror Business"

single was recorded in a haunted house?

Nope, that was a fake. What happened was, there was this sound on the tape machine. We didn't know where the hell it came from. And when we finally found it on a track, the only way to kill it was to re-do the whole take. But we didn't have the money to do that. So I said, "Glenn, what does it sound like to you?" We both just looked at each other, and I can't remember if I said it or Glenn, but one of us said, "Hey, we'll say this 45 was recorded in a haunted house, and if you hear noises that shouldn't be there, it's a ghost." Later on we found out it was a noise from outside the studio or something like that, but since it was so insignificant, and we didn't have the money to re-record the song, we came up with that story...that's all it was.

Why do you believe The Misfits are such a legend?

To me, The Misfits were and are a perfect combination of many elements that are very American. We have the old '50s doo-wop kinda look, but with a horror theme in the '90s. We got all the elements that it takes. I'm actually hoping that we get as big as Guns 'N' Roses and people like that. Not that I'm attempting to make my path go that way on purpose. I'm not. I'm just thinking that no matter what we do, as long as we do it good, and do it right, we're going to wind up there. What I'm looking for now is the new Elvis. The way I look at it is, Elvis died 18 years or so ago, and if God was fair to everybody, he would have sent him right back to us. There's some 18 year old kid out there with Elvis's voice, and it's my destiny to go and find him,

and make the ultimate band. But getting back to what you said about us being a legend, a lot has to do with what I spoke of, and also because we did it all. Looking back at The Misfits, for a band with no record label, and really no money coming in, we went everywhere. And I think that The Misfits success, right from the very beginning, was inevitable. It's just a shame that, at the very end of the band, we didn't know what we really had. We let egos, and certain situations get in the way of the important thing, which was the music and our fans. That's when Glenn and I split ways. And you look back on it now, 13 years later, and you say to yourself, "That was a stupid thing to do." But now, Glenn has a different perspective then what we used to have, so somewhere down the line, it would've probably happened anyway. Maybe it's better that we disappeared for 13 years.

Why the return of the Misfits?

What people don't understand, and what I want people to know is we, the Misfits, never quit playing music. We never went anywhere. We've actually spent the last seven or eight years of our lives in court with lawyers, with our hands tied because of Glenn and all of that. It wasn't like we were waiting for punk to make a comeback, or we were out mowing the lawn - waiting for The Meat Puppets to make a return so we can come back and ride the bandwagon. No way, that's not what we want. I'm not trying the ride the punk wave now that alternative is in. And I don't want to be stuck in any category because we can't be...the Misfits are the Misfits and they can't be categorized.

So what about now? What do you hope to achieve?

With what I've already said, my idea is to bring The Misfits right back to the clubs where they were born. And play classic Misfits shows in small places so you get the one-on-one effect. You want to do a show at a small place at midnight to one-thirty, and really blow out a club with a lot of sounds, and a lot of lights. And for starters, that's where The Misfits belong. Now the truth is, I've had a hard time selling Doyle and the others on that, but I say, "Let's start small. There's no reason why we should try and sell out places that, first, are maybe stretching our means. You know? Our first tour was for

the people, not really for us. We're gonna go out there and play vintage Misfits stuff. Now, a lot of people are going to criticize me and say, "Hey, you guys are just doing the old Misfits stuff," but I really don't care. I'm going to send postcards to all the members of the fiend club, and ask them were we should play. I'm not going to listen to a booking agent who's going to tell me we can make more money in the arenas. No way! If my people want to see us in a club, that's where we'll be. My point is this, my people have been spending millions of dollars on bootlegs and stuff like that. So somebody owes these people some kind of respect, and it might as well be me. Let me come out and play where they, the people, want to see me, and I'll be there.



Dr. Chud on drums
photo by christoph just

MISFITS

There's a lot more to The Misfits now than just the past. In fact, Jerry and Doyle are putting that behind them. With new recording sessions for a new album slated for this summer, the four-man band is planning to hit the states and other countries rock hard.

A Misfits TV pilot is just about ready to go out to several major networks, including TBS and USA. Following the tradition of *Vampira* (though they'll be wearing more clothes), the guys have filmed their hostings of feature films, like *Horror Hotel*, *The Crawling Eye* and *The Hideous Sun Demon*. Also featured in that pilot is the band's new video of "Dr. Phibes," a single based on the movie starring the late Vincent Price.

The Coffin boxed set, featuring unreleased demos from the early years and out takes, hit music stores in March, retailing for \$59.95. It features the Misfits from A-Z, including the original Static Age, out takes from *Walk Among Us*, and just about everything ever released on vinyl.

Compilation II is a second greatest hits from the early years.

Plans this year are to first release a four-song single, including new tracks "The Haunting," "Blacklight," "The Hunger" and "Mars Attack." Misfits Manager Kenny Caiafa said the band plans for two takes of each of those songs, one of each to be released on the single, and the other set to be included on a new album scheduled for a later summer release.

Pusshead is contracted to create the single cover - a florescent blacklight poster, folded down to a cover for a 7" vinyl release. The single is also to be made available on cassette and CD. No particular artist has been named for the album cover.

The Misfits have yet to sign with a record company for the new works...they are considering releasing the new collection on their own imprint.

And...there's more. A Jerry Only model kit, Doyle model kit, Crimson Ghost model kit, the Evil Eye, Crimson Ghost and Earth A.D. wall plaques, glow-in-the-dark T-shirts and five other T-shirt designs featuring Doyle, Jerry and the Crimson Ghost.

What more could one ask for from a band whose members are indebted to those supportive of their re-entry into the music industry? How about a Misfits comic book? That's

right, artist Doug Evill has already completed several pages and outlined most others to relay the stories of the band, depicting the past, present and future. That project, slated for release later this year, will tell the story from the beginning.

Jerry and his brother fought good and hard to get the Misfits stage name back. Now that they've got it, nothing is going to stop them. Putting the past behind them, and focusing on the many possibilities the band, as a group, faces, the Misfits are planning on a comeback that will both rock and

shock the nation, and bring alive a particular sound of music many thought would no longer exist.



The Jerry Only Model Kit

So realistic, this kit includes actual tiny metal spikes, proportionate to the ones Jerry has permanently affixed to his leather.

Al Ryan is an author of horror and professional interviewer for several national and international magazines of horror and other topics. He is the supervising producer and director of photography for The Misfits TV pilot.

Kenny Caiafa The Misfits manager.

The Misfits and the Fiend Club can be reached at: P.O. BOX 310, Vernon, NJ 07462. Include SASE for info on Misfits merchandise.

MISFITS

GHOSTRIDERS
ART BY: ED NAVNA
MF-2006

JERRY ONLY'S
GLOW-GO SKULL
GLOWS IN THE DARK!!!
MF-2001

JERRY ONLY
ART BY: JUREK
MF-2002

SANTA GOGOS
ART BY: HAMIL GOGOS
MF-2005

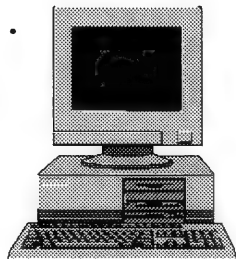
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For T-shirt info, write the Misfits at: P O Box 310, Vernon, NJ 07462

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WHERE TO GO ONLINE



With GIG hard drives, mega-megs of RAM, steadily increasing Mhz, a CONFIG.SYS they're always telling you to alter and cache that always needs to be emptied after long vacations on the super-highway, life on the Internet and World Wide Web can be as confusing as the terms and anagrams used in describing our computers' entire operating system (OS). So we've picked a few key sites, along with the proper addresses, to make that OS work with your modem, which crawls along the phone lines, and get you there in a hurry.

For Writers

Dark Fiction/Horror Writers Workshop

America Online, Sundays, 10:30 p.m. ET

Keyword: WRITERS, click on CHAT

ROOMS, click on WORKSHOP

If you are a writer, or just a true fan of dark fiction and horror, this workshop will help you further develop skills, as well as introduce you to key professionals in the dark fiction/horror writing industry - editors, publishers and authors frequent this weekly workshop, spearheaded by (screenname) DARKECHO. The weekly meeting of 20 + writers, artists, and professionals lasts about one hour and usually follows a protocol (one person speaks at a time when called upon by the moderator).

There is also a weekly newsletter (Thursdays, prior to next meeting), covering several topics, including:

- that week's preselected topics
- publishing opportunities
- references & resources
- recommended authors' reading lists
- market information
- reviews
- writing/selling opinions
- online tips, shortcuts, techniques
- critiques of work and special contests

Those not a member of AOL may receive the newsletter by e-mailing a request to: darkecho@aol.com

TWAuthors

CompuServe, 24-hours/day

GO: TWAUTHORS

Here you can find information on authors, various general interest themes, get in on real-time and posted conversations and more. Need help? Post a question in the General section and come back, sometimes within just a few hours, and those willing to lend a helping hand will have answers for you. Other sections include Mystery Writers, Sisters in Crime and Aberrations. Genre topics are broken down into sections - Sci-Fi, Kids, etc.

Writers

CompuServe, 24-hours/day

GO: WRITERS

Whether you're an aspiring writer, or an old hand at it, this forum can help you get in touch with professionals, various markets and research writing formats and other pertinent writing information. In Writer's Central, you can post questions about copyright information and available publication, as well as view the latest info on different writing organizations and regulations. The Markets section lists topics about recent and continuing publications, and a library devoted to Markets lists guidelines for hundreds of publications of all genres. Other forms of writing spotlighted in this forum include Film, TV, stage and poetry.

On the WWW

The rating system:

Content: How often is site up-dated? Is there enough info? Of what quality? How is the info organized? Is there anything lacking? Will it keep you coming back?

Aesthetics: How is it organized? Is it attractive? Cluttered? How is the layout? Does it draw the viewer in? Will it bring the viewer back again?

Coolness: Is it easy to navigate? Confusing? Does it integrate other technologies effectively? Is it cool?

Dark Horse Comics

<http://www.dhorse.com/>

Dark Horse Comics is the publisher of some of the hottest comics based on some of the hottest movie properties. On DHC line you'll find comics on Godzilla, The Mask, Barb Wire and the biggest selection of Star War comics around. They also publish a wide range of titles ranging from superheroes to manga to good old Tarzan of the Apes! All the news, reviews and interviews on DHC can be found at this site giving their comics the ultimate in coverage. No other comic company offers you more on their comics, but that is also the only drawback. There is so much stuff, that you'll spend lots of your time just flipping through pages to get to where you want to be. Overall, this is one site that can't be beat.

Content: A+
Aesthetics: A
Coolness: B
Overall: A

Alternative Cinema

<http://members.aol.com/acmagazine/ac.html>

This is the home page for the magazine *Alternative Cinema*, which is dedicated to the entire home video scene. *AC* specializes in covering low-budget and independent film making. The print version is available at most bookstores and makes for a fine read all on its own. This web site is pretty new. Currently, past issues are previewed, and

content is added to the site regularly. These guys are off to a fine start and the future looks promising.

Content: B
Aesthetics: B
Coolness: B
Overall: B

The Microsoft Home Page

<http://www.msn.com>

You have to check this one out! Microsoft has designed site that can be customized to suit individual tastes. You fill out the page and every time you go there it will feature updates on *your* choices. You can view selected comic strips, ski reports, movie information and television listings. You can also go back and change your options any time. Whatever you think of Microsoft, you can't go wrong with this site. It is easy to use and you will find yourself drawn back to the site, just to see what is new.

Content: A+
Aesthetics: A+
Coolness: A+
Overall: A+

Web Reviews this issue are by Ronald-Thomas Fleming, an avid reviewer of comic books, small press magazines, and 'zines. Fleming's reviews can be found regularly on CompuServe (GO COMICS; COMPUB; COMIX). He also reviews for *Factsheet 5*, a magazine featuring hundreds of available 'zines and small press publications and *World of Fandom*. He can be reached at R-T Fleming, 75562.2253@compuserve.com

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E-mail them to:
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*Featured reviewers receive
2 copies of Lacunae.*

Alan Seabrook watched the sun sneak below the horizon, it's last orange beams twinkling off of the crucifix atop the church's steeple. Around him, several hundred headstones cast their long shadows on the dry, scrabble grass of the cemetery.

He couldn't believe he was actually going through with this.

But ... Smitty had dared him.

Earlier that afternoon, right after the bingo session began, Alan told Smitty about the dream - the one he'd had so many times since he was a little kid. Always the same dream, it never continued to any logical conclusion. And it always confused him.

He left a few things out - especially the part about how the dream made him feel like he was teetering on the edge of something wondrous and horrible.

It was - after all - only a dream.

The two teenagers always talked about their dreams. Alan thought it was Smitty's favorite subject. They shared them the way unpublished authors share their stupid little short stories.

Just a few days before, Smitty told Alan about a dream he'd had where his mother had died. But his father had gotten her to the hospital soon enough after her death to where doctors were able to revive her - but only part of her. Her head.

His grief-stricken father brought her head home in a box and put it on the kitchen table. From there, the mom-head would bark out orders for the kids to follow. The dream ended with his father announcing the family was changing its surname from Smith to LaHedd.

The Tuesday afternoon bingo session was just about halfway done when Alan and Smitty sneaked out of the parish hall and walked the forty yards to the cemetery.

"It's really bizarre," Alan said as they sat in the grass next to the caretaker's shed. "I'm standing here in this cemetery. It's right at sundown. I put out my arms and let them hang there for a few seconds. Then I feel this pull on my arms, like my arms are metal and the cemetery dirt is a magnet, y'know? Then, once I feel the

pull, I start to raise my arms over my head, the magnetic pull tugging against the ground."

"And?" Smitty asked.

"And nothing," Alan said. "That's it. Dream over. Deposit another 25-cents."

He didn't tell Smitty how, in his dream, he'd stare at the old cemetery gate's promise of an afterlife. He didn't say how he no longer felt adolescent and insignificant in this dream. He left out the fact that even though the dream always ended before anything really happened, he would always awake feeling disappointed - as if there was unfinished business to attend to.

Smitty lit one of his illicit Chesterfields and leaned against the shack. "That's weird, all right," he said. "Not as weird as having your mom's head in a box chewing you out about the moral dangers of whacking off, mind you. But still pretty weird."

"What do you suppose it means?"

Alan asked.

"Probably it's telling you to get laid," Smitty answered.

"That's your answer for everything," Alan laughed.

"I'd say I'm pretty fucking wise for my age, wouldn't you?" Smitty said, tossing the butt of his cigarette at Alan. He got to his feet and looked over at the church.

"Tell 'ya what," he said. "Sun's almost down -- let's find out!"

"What?" Alan said.

"Let's do it."

"Do what?"

"What you did in your dream, shithead," Smitty said.

After minutes of teasing, daring and name-calling, culminating in a five-dollar bet against Alan's manhood, Smitty leaned against the cemetery gate to watch the show. The gate, an ancient wrought-iron monstrosity, had a large arch over it, proclaiming to all those who passed the cemetery on Wisconsin State Highway 33 its eternal promise, "We Shall All Rise Again."

Alan stood in the middle of the cemetery on a gravel path between family plots, feeling like a Class-A butthole.

"Smitty?"

"What."

"I feel stupid."

"You look stupid, But no chickening out."



by Bob Schmalfeldt

Alan blew out an exasperated breath and tried to remember the dream.

"Go ahead!" Smitty yelled. "Let 'er rip!"

"Not yet," Alan said. "It's not quite time. It's always darker in my dreams. Right as the sun goes down. Just a few more minutes from now."

"I knew it," Smitty chided. "You're gonna chicken out."

"I said I'd do it," Alan answered, "and I will. But not yet. It's not time yet." He looked at the steeple of St. Boniface Catholic Church and felt like an idiot. He wished he'd never brought the subject up. He wished Smitty hadn't bet him five dollars that he'd be too chicken to attempt in real life what he'd done so often in his dreams.

The purple horizon was fading to lilac. Smitty leaned against the gate and waved a five-dollar bill.

"Baawwwwwk, buk buk buk," Smitty said. "You chicken!"

Alan looked at the horizon, at the highway, at the steeple, and at the gate. Everything seemed to match what he remembered from the dream - with the sole exception of his asshole friend at the gate. "Okay," Alan yelled. "I'm gonna do it."

Eyes closed, Alan tilted his head skyward. His feet felt rooted in the earth. Slowly, he brought his arms from his sides, raising them straight out from his body.

He imagined the caskets, buried all around him, thrummed with magnetic energy, pulling on his arms. Slowly, he raised his arms over his head, feeling the energy flow from the earth - into his body - through his arms and up into the sky - shot heavenward through his outstretched fingers.

For just an instant, Alan felt a force pulling his arms down.

"And the referee signals - it's a touchdown!" Smitty yelled, breaking the spell.

Alan opened his eyes.

He felt, well, *something*. Uneasy. Slightly disoriented. Not at all like what he felt in his dream. Instead of feeling something wonderful was about to happen, he felt a slight pang of guilt.

He looked around and realized nothing had happened - not that he really expected anything would. This was, after all, the real world.

But as he stood in the deepening twilight, Alan suddenly got a feeling that he'd just done something profane. Something which couldn't be undone.

Somewhere in his gut, he felt as if he had committed blasphemy.

"God damn it," he said as Smitty jogged over to him. Fighting off the increasing waves of disorientation, he put his hands against a tall gravestone and

leaned into it. "That was really weird."

"You okay?" Smitty asked. "You look like you're gonna puke."

"No," Alan said, righting himself. "I'm fine."

"You should'a seen yourself," Smitty laughed. "I gotta wonder what the guy who was driving past the cemetery thought when he saw you raising your hands, signaling 'touchdown'."

"Someone saw me?" Alan asked.

"Yup," Smitty said. "He slowed down for a second, looked at you, then drove on."

"Man," Alan said, shaking his head. "I hope it wasn't someone who knows who I am."

"Don't sweat it, pally," Smitty said, clapping him on

the back as they walked toward the St. Boniface Parish Hall. "If anybody tries to say you've suddenly gone whacko, I'll tell 'em you always were insane."

As they walked, Alan tried to compare what he had just felt to his recurring dream. But as the seconds passed, he found it harder and harder to remember just what he had felt. The mental images of this wild experiment were eluding him.

As they reached the parish hall, Alan stopped.

"Alan?" Smitty said. "What's up?"

Alan put his hands over his face.

"Oh my God," Alan moaned. "I'm having a - a - I'm having a vision!"

Smitty backed away from Alan, watching him, his eyes wide.

"You - yooooooooo --"

"What?" Smitty asked, getting very worried.

"Yooooooooo -- owe me five bucks, shit-for-brains!"

"Eat me," Smitty sneered as Alan laughed. He reached into his wallet and ponied up the five dollars.

"Soda's on me," Alan declared, snatching the bill out of Smitty's hand. Then they walked into the hall to finish cleaning the debris of a Tuesday afternoon bingo session.

Hours later, as Alan relaxed in his room, he fought with his conscience. He felt bad about what he'd done. It was all a bunch of crap, he knew, but he couldn't shake the feeling that somehow he'd done something terrible. Something profane. Although his mother expected him to go to confession every Thursday, Alan debated maybe skipping it this week.

There was no way he was going to try explaining this to Father McAllister.

Down the hall, in his father's den, the phone rang. Moments later, Alan's father hollered.

"Alan! Phone!"

"Who is it?" Anal yelled back.

"It's Smitty," his father replied. "You can take it in my den. Your mother and I are watching NYPD Blue."

**He imagined the caskets,
buried all around him,
thrummed with magnetic
energy, pulling on his arms.**

"Thanks, Dad," Alan said, passing him in the hallway.

"Keep it quick, son," he said. "You know I don't like phone calls after 9 o'clock. They're usually bad news."

Alan picked up the receiver.

"Alan, boobala! How ya feeling?"

"Well, truthfully," Alan said, "I feel like an asshole." He could hear Smitty stifling a chuckle on the other end of the line. "I don't know why I always let you talk me into this shit," Alan said, "but you always do."

"Darwin's Law," Smitty laughed. "Survival of the smartest!"

"Blow me," Alan said, preparing to hang up and go back to his room. "I'll see you in school tomorrow."

"Ten-four," Smitty answered. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"And what, precisely, would that be?" Alan asked.

"Well, I'd never stand in the middle of a - wait a minute. What the heck was that?"

Over the line, Alan could hear a faraway sound. Like cracking, snapping wood.

"Did you hear that?" Smitty asked.

"Yeah," Alan answered. "What was that? Sounded like a ..."

Another noise. Glass shattering. A woman's screams.

"Mom?" Smitty yelled. Alan could hear panic in his voice. "MOM? WHAT IS IT?"

"Smitty! What's happening?"

Another crash. Another scream. The sound of a telephone being dropped.

"Stop fooling around, Smitty. I mean it!"

Smitty didn't answer. He was screaming. "MOM! MOM? WHO IS THAT? WHAT ARE THEY? WHAT DO THEY ..."

The line went dead. Alan hung up, debating whether to call Smitty back and chew him out for being an asshole, or just save it for school tomorrow.

"Smitty messing with your mind again?"

Startled, Alan turned and saw his father leaning against the door frame.

"Yeah," he answered. "I guess. If he's not messing with someone, he's not happy."

"Well," his father said, "come on out and watch some TV. Detective Simone is trying to find out who killed the junkie who ratted on the cocaine dealers."

"Would you like a soda?" Alan's mother asked as he walked into the living room.

"Yeah," he said. "I'll get it."

"Could you get one for me, too?" his mother asked.

"Sure thing," he said, ruffling his mother's hair as he passed.

"Oh, stop that," she said. "You know I hate it when ..."

... An explosion of glass. A hand shot through the picture window next to his mother's chair. It grabbed his mother by the throat. The large pane of glass collapsed in twinkling pieces onto the living room carpet. Alan's father bolted to his feet as a shambling wreck of a human being clambered through the window, tightening its grip on his wife's throat.

"Mom!" Alan screamed, lunging at the intruder. He grabbed one of its arms, trying to pull it off his mother. The skin of its arm slid off like a shirt sleeve.

Alan's father, wielding a large porcelain ashtray as a weapon, charged at the intruder. Swinging with all of his might, he brought it down on the back of the intruder's head.

Its skull shattered, caving in like an eggshell. Though it held its grip on the woman's throat.

Alan tried to wrestle it to the ground, but was pulled off by two more shabby men, who had crawled through the window unnoticed during the melee.

Moldy clothes hung like rags from the three cadavers. They smelled like old books and egg farts.

Alan's father was clawing at his wife's attacker, while the other two intruders were pulling and clawing at him.

As Alan watched in horror, the first attacker's bony fingers gripped his mother's throat, squeezing and clawing and, finally, ripping it open. Blood gushed from the hole in her neck. As he watched his mother crash to the floor, Alan's head was put into a lock by one attacker. His mother's killer was forced hunks and wads of her torn throat into its mouth.

Alan struggled free from the headlock and ran to the aid of his father, who had been knocked to the floor and was fighting one of the attackers sitting on him and clawing at his belly. Alan pulled it off his father, then screamed as he saw the monster continuing to uncoil and devour ropy loops of his father's intestines.

More cadavers were crawling through the living room window.

Alan ran into the den. He grabbed his father's office chair and propped it against the door. Then, picking up the telephone receiver, he dialed 911. It rang twice and was picked up.

"Help!" Alan yelled. "I'm Alan Seabrook at 2618 Cleveland Street! Somebody's in our house! They're killing my mom and dad! I think they're dead, and so are the guys that killed them. I mean, I-- I don't know what I mean! But they're tearing us apart!"

Nobody responded.

"Hello!" Alan screamed. "Is there anybody there?"

After a short pause, Alan heard a voice on the other end of the line, dry as dust. It crackled like cellophane.

"We're here, too," it said before hanging up.

Alan heard pounding at the door. Dropping the phone, he ran to the window and threw open the curtains.

The yard was full of them.
The door shattered.

Four decayed men
shuffled into the room, carrying
wads and hunks of meat,
bones and organs.

More shambled into the
room - all carrying lumps of
his mother and father.

One of the cadavers
stepped closer, holding out his
hand. In it rested a pair of blue-
irised eyeballs. His mother's.

"You called us," the ca-
daver said. "You called us,
and we have answered. You
called us, and you must lead
us."

More entered the room.
Their outstretched hands of-
fered fat and muscle.

"You will lead us," the cadaver insisted. "Then, you will do great deeds.

"But first," it said, "you must eat."



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Presedo resigns from Gothic Ltd.

Daniel Presedo has resigned as Publisher/VP of Gothic Ltd. On the heels of a new color series to premier in April and other projects to follow, Presedo said, "We just had some business differences - "how to run the company."

Presedo's plan was eventually to teach people around him and then let go of the publisher reigns. "They're quick learners and I wish them well. I know *Cadence of the Dirge* will do great for Gothic."

Presedo said he will still work for Gothic on a work for hire capacity, providing the Platinum cover for *Cadence of the Dirge* #1, but as for *Dream Wolves*, it is cancelled.

What will become of the *Dream Wolves*? "I have plans. You will see it again later this year, I'm sure."

As for where, Presedo would not say. "Just keep reading the catalogs."

Presedo was featured in *Lacunae* #5

Writers wanted for text stories in *Dr. Wonder*

Breaking into the comics business as a writer is next to impossible. But Old Town Publishing is offering aspiring scripters a chance to gain their first comic, book credential in a magazine featuring work by such well-known creators as Dick Ayers, Irwin Hasen, and Tony Isabella.

Dr. Wonder is Old Town's attempt to bring back the classic style and lofty standards of the Marvel Comics of the 1960s. And to that end, each issue of *Dr. Wonder* from #2 on will feature a two-page text story, along the lines of those Marvel ran until the mid-60s.

Text stories have seldom appeared in comics in recent years. But Old Town Publisher David Allikas thinks they will prove popular with the readers of *Dr. Wonder*.

"Our audience is certain to be among the most literate in comics," he said. "That means we'll have readers who will enjoy reading text stories - and readers who will be capable of writing them."

Here are the basic guidelines for making submissions to the project:

1) Stories should be G or PG rated.

2) About 1,500 words is good for a two-pager; one-page stories to 750 words will also be considered.

3) No stories featuring copyrighted characters will be accepted.

* 4) Great literary merit is a plus. But writers will stand just as good a chance by going for the charm and simplicity of those '60s stories. "And, boy, are we suckers for a great twist ending!"

Stories can be submitted via e-mail: oldtownpub@aol.com, mailed: Dr. Wonder, c/o Old Town Publishing, P O Box 447, Franklin Square, NY 11010 (please include ASCII copy if possible, and a hard copy), or faxed to: (516) 327-2482.

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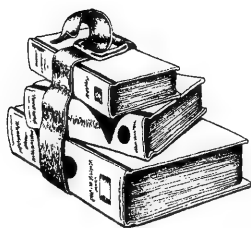
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reviews
by

**Rick
Kleffel**

The Hunger & Ecstasy of Vampires

by Brian Stableford

Mark V. Ziesing Publishers

ISBN 0-929480-80-5

\$25.00 hc; 206 pages

It's hard to write an original vampire novel. The field is so crowded with entries - from SF to bodice-rippers, from punkettes to romantic poets - making it difficult to find a new niche in this overworked specialty category.

But Britain's Brian Stableford, whose three recent novels about vampires are all from very different perspectives, is quite adept at this task. **Empire of Fear** was a sci-fi thought experiment set in the 16th century; **Young Blood** was an existential examination of being, madness and disease. It was a message from the marketing department at his British publisher which resulted in his latest novel, **The Hunger & Ecstasy of Vampires**. It seemed they had deemed the title **Young Blood** wasn't catchy enough for the novel he had turned in, and suggested something with the word "vampire" would be most appropriate. He suggested the title of the present novel, with the disclaimer, "the original title...was insufficiently sexy to hold its own in that perfervid hotbed of competition..." The marketing department yielded, **Young Blood** was published under its original title, and Stableford set forth to create a novel appropriate for his market-oriented title.

The result is a novel that begins in familiar territory but quickly journeys where no vampire novel has gone before. A duel of honor is fought before dawn in France, 1894. A man is accidentally killed. A year later, the survivor is accompanying Oscar Wilde to a gathering hosted by Professor Edward Copplestone.

Attending the dinner are characters both real and assimilations of fictional and real characters. Professor Copplestone, clearly ill, gives

his report on his drug-induced hallucination - possibly time travel. In three separate visits/visions, he traveled a future earth where humanity has been overrun by vampires.

Stableford does much more than create another alternate history novel or steampunk adventure. In **The Hunger & Ecstasy of Vampires**, he examines the characters as a narrative device, and plays off them and the mystery of who they might be in a manner reminiscent of Stanislaw Lem or Philip K. Dick. He explores his possible realities with a remarkable Victorian vision, focusing everything through his own extensive historical and literary knowledge. Copplestone's visits to the future are remarkably well-rendered, and include astonishing imagery. Stableford subtly pays heed to recent developments in nanotechnology and genetic engineering without being overbearing about it.

Central to the novel is the mystery of just who is sitting around this table listening to Copplestone's tale. Stableford mixes his fictional and real characters with perfect ease, while he peppers the text with informed speculation. For fans of Victorian SF and scientific romance, it's a feast of imagination. **The Hunger and Ecstasy of Vampires** is the third totally original vampire novel Stableford has written, in a sort of anti-series. For readers who like their vampire fiction imaginative, Stableford's anti-series is a breath of fresh air.

deadrush

by Yvonne Navarro

Bantam Books

ISBN 0-553-56359-9

\$5.99 pb; 351 pages

Religion and drugs are combined quite effectively in this read. The author of the enjoyable vampire epic, **After Age**, has gone out of her way to invent something that looks like a vampire, acts like a

vampire, resurrects its victims like a vampire, but is not, precisely, a vampire. Ranging from the backwoods to the big city, **deadrush** covers much ground and evokes genuine chills. Unfortunately, Navarro throws a few too many characters and ideas into the story, which dilutes her fascinating concept and detracts from her most interesting characters, who are thrown into the background in favor of more typical horror novel fare. Still, in its best moments, **deadrush** is remarkably effective.

The novel starts in the backwater town of Harmony, Georgia, with the birth of a boy destined to become a bad seed. At 15, Jason Spiro isn't involved in typical 'bad teenager' antics; he's a member of a devout, extreme church of Pentecostal Snake Handlers, who senses unexplored depths within his own mind. In short order, he kills then resurrects himself. His mother's response is to pack him off to his aunt in Chicago, where he'll be forcibly separated from the church.

Of course, resurrected teenagers develop unusual appetites, and Jason is no exception. In a series of unnecessary plot twists, Jason resurrects the fifth victim of a serial killer who happens to be stalking the same neighborhood of Chicago in which Jason is staying.

Navarro is most effective when she is describing the inner state of her resurrected characters, creating truly chilling scenes of terror and dislocation. Unfortunately, the serial killer sub-plot seems superfluous, and the coincidences needed to move it along are on the unbelievable side, even when compared to examinations of the psychological states of the undead. Navarro's character's are a mixed bag as well. She ultimately leaves Jason in the background and shifts her focus, but never entirely lets him go. Her serial killer is standard issue, while the obligatory policeman investigating the unbelievable is entertaining and well-drawn.

Navarro does, however, write a liquor-store-robbery-gone-bad that is gripping and in-your-face real, as is the character who commits the crime. The scenes depicting the addiction of the 'deadrush', and the spiraling despair of those who become 'addicted' are equally well-drawn examples of virtuoso horror writing. But the whole adds up to less than the sum of the parts.

The Bloody Red Baron

by Kim Newman

Carroll & Graft

ISBN 0-7867-0252-4

\$21.00 hc; 358 pages

Despite its premise that vampires came out into the open when Dracula invaded England in the late 1880s, Kim Newman's **Anno Dracula** was more of an alternate history than a vampire novel. This is even more true of **The Bloody Red Baron**, a sequel set in the same world nearly 30 years later, in 1918.

This is certainly an alternate history with teeth, and enough of the red to more than live up to its title. It's filled to the brim with a mixture of fictional and real characters. Every scene is embroidered with recognizable names, and as the novel begins, it seems at times distracting. But, as in **Anno Dracula**, Newman manages to invest his main fictional and real characters with enough verve and artistry to bring them alive beyond the printed page, to make them real beyond the myriad associations they hold for the reader. And his plot-driven wonders go far beyond the thrill of seeing familiar personalities in ironic situations. Newman's strife-filled alternate Europe is reminiscent of today's map of despair, and his quick tour of Bosnia and Serbia is especially chilling.

Newman's protagonists in this novel are Edwin Winthrop, a 'warm' (living) young intelligence agent

drawn to become a vampire but unwilling to go the length, Kate Reed, a radical journalist who became a vampire 30 years earlier and helped send Dracula packing out of England, and Edgar Poe, hired by Dracula to write the glorious biography of Baron Manfred Von Richtoven.

While Winthrop and Reed risk their lives to find out exactly what the Bloody Red Baron's secret is, Poe is ushered into the heart of Dracula's obscene experiment, whining continuously and entertainingly about his state.

Throughout the novel, whether he's describing a battle between World War I vintage aircraft, or recounting the sad, sordid history of Mata Hari, Newman's historical research rings resoundingly true. He seamlessly interlaces fictional characters into realistic settings, creating some incredibly horrific scenes. Edwin finds Doctor Moreau with his friend and student, Doctor Herbert West, operating on wounded vampires in a subterranean emergency ward just behind the front lines.

Newman is certainly not one to let his history lessons get in the way of splatterpunk-style scenes of horror. More importantly, he doesn't let his familiarity with history or his flair for the grotesque get in the way of the story or characters. Dracula's experiment with the Red Baron is truly majestic, but it is Edgar Poe's perceptions and personality that carry the narrative. And, while Edwin's sleuthing unearths the monstrous and the profane, it is his struggle to overcome the monster within himself that grips the reader and keeps the pages turning.

Newman is even able to finish his story in a relatively modest amount of space, no mean feat in this day of seemingly endless novels and series. **The Bloody Red Baron** is best read after **Anno Dracula**, but thankfully doesn't end on a cliffhanger for the next novel set in Newman's fabricated universe.

The Community by Ben Leech

Pan
ISBN 0-330-32973-1
4.99 #; UK pb; 244 pages

In the realm of speculative fiction, it's hard to tell where one genre stops and another starts. As Stephen Bowkett, Ben Leech has written several sci-fi novels for young adults, and it shows in his first horror novel for adults. **The Community** applies sci-fi-style logic to its premise of another race co-existing on earth with ours, and lovingly describes the extremely horrific consequences. Leech does so within the very real and rather depressing background of a slowly dying, post-industrial, sleazy suburban city in England. His characters come to angst-ridden life and, if they're lucky, stay that way. But Leech doesn't let his bleak view bog down the novel. He's written a hybrid of mystery, SF and horror that manages to be atmospheric, compelling, logical and extremely visceral.

Like most good novels, however, it's not the plot that carries **The Community** along and gives it its verve. Leech's characters, miserable and mystified, come to life in his careful prose. Peter McAuliffe, a man forced to face rapidly approaching middle-age and a relentlessly boring career teaching at an English school, is asked to take Christina Lamb, a former student, now a counselor, into his classes so she can observe first-hand the difficulties of his students. With his marriage turning to stone, he's immediately attracted to her, but incredibly insecure. But as Christina arrives, a series of savage killings begins. The victims are burned, but not enough to conceal the strange deformities from the local coroner and authorities.

Slowly, two threads draw together as Leech creates a world hidden within ours, woven through

ours since time immemorial.

Unlike the average supernatural-serial killer novel, Leech throws a solid science-fictional basis behind surreal scenes of shapeshifting and murder. His grounding of the material in a logical manner makes the emotions of his characters more authentic and likable, and is supported by atmospheric prose not seen much since the **Books of Blood**. Moreover, **The Community** is mercifully brief, leaving you wanting more. It proves there is still room for something new under the rain and fog and miserable weather we all associate with the dreariest parts of England.

Walking Wolf Nancy A. Collins

Mark V. Ziesing
ISBN 0-929480-42-2
\$25.00 US trade hc; 181 pages

One of the most entertaining ways to read history is to do so in a novel where a supernatural protagonist lives on through generations, and weathers changes over a period of time which would kill the average narrator. Sure, you can have a long-lived narrator, like Little Big Man. But why settle for the long-lived, when you can go for immortal, or nearly so?

Walking Wolf is Nancy Collins' take on American Indian history, seen through the eyes of a white man, raised by Indians, who happens to be a werewolf. Call it Little Big Wolf.

Collins sets the tone of her tale quickly, having Billy Skillet tell his tale in a terse, conversational first-person voice. This device doesn't wear thin, partially because the book is so short, but more importantly because the prose is entertaining, funny and well-written. Her characters are more than flat images lifted out of her obvious research, brought alive by her writing skill.

The supernatural aspects of this

novel are excellently woven into the fabric of reality, as well as impressively cohesive. Collins' system of the supernatural is slick and unobtrusive. Unfortunately, the length of this novel does at times act against it. Sometimes it seems as if we are only getting the fruits of Collins' research, with the barest shreds of her characters and their story shoe-horned in to keep the narrative flowing. It's an impressive amount of research, and this history in itself is entertaining, but it does tend to distract from the novelistic aspects of the story, as do some of the more startlingly violent scenes.

Collins' Sonya Blue character is the subject of three immensely popular novels, and in **Walking Wolf** she keeps her options open for any number of sequels. It's a tribute to her skill that the reader is likely to want to read them.

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INFRARED

Visions

I sit and gaze
Beyond the night
And for off worlds I see
Passion, sadness and joy
Anger, love and fear
There, lovers touch
There, a baby cries
An old man breathes his last
His dog lays at his feet
Wars are fought
And hope is born
All these there are
On worlds much like our own
So back I step
And all I see, is me.

- Tony Padgett



*I'm so scared,
I'm so afraid,
I've never been so truly alone,
So locked away,
Now I rot with loneliness,
O' how I decay,
Who will be my savior
In my final hour?
I'm wasted away,
Everyday in a life full of grey*

*O' your so sinister in your approach,
Stealing what's left of my self respect,
A living wreck,
Wreck of Hell and terrible silence,
The boy inside so shy and innocent praying,
To die
A grieving poet too silent to be heard,
I love my silent words, so undisturbed*

*The world changes before me,
In familiar images,
Things once loved and lost find their way
Back to taunt me,
Songs and sonnets of yesterdays poetry,
Reaching out to everything I see,
But they just silently scream at me,
And call me names*

*Am I to blame for everything?
Everything that's ever been?
For all the lost love?
For all the lies I feed on?
For my mother's tears?
For her wasted years?
For my hollow fears?
For the loss of self respect?
For the loss of friends?
For my suicide?*

Why am I afraid to die?

- James Russell

GRAFFITI

Blood Song

I dream the night.

With sunset's rosy glow, it comes;
The blood-red beating of the drums,
Sounding as it has for years
The ancient song of scarlet tears.

I steal the night.

Beneath the sweet, pale moon I prowl,
Companion to the wolf and owl;
Lulled by want and ruled by need,
I seek a living soul to feed.

I am the night.

My appetites have served me well;
My prey is now an empty shell.
His blood stains rouge upon my lips,
My cloak, my boots, my fingertips...

*And as the centuries grow long,
The song of blood plays on and on.*

Written and illustrated by
Janet L. Hetherington



Clint-Dringenberg, Megaton-Liefeld/Larsen, Open Space-Busiek - I know the problem with your career! Your eye is good, but your timing is off - you hook up with the great ones too soon!

Yup, and then send those respective companies/titles down the tubes!

Up until recently Kilroy has been the most consistent place to find your artwork. Tell us a little about that project.

I got involved with Joe (Pruett, the writer), when I saw *Negative Burn* on the stands and thought I could do a better cover for him, so I wrote him. He wrote back, I sent samples, then did some covers, and the first "Kilroy" story back in *Negative Burn* #5, 6 or 7... I'm just doing the covers now, though.

Let's hear some more details about the character of Kilroy. What where you and Joe trying to accomplish? Why should the fans seek out current issues or the back-issues with your work?

Well, *Kilroy* is one of those comics that doesn't pander to the superhero mythos, although it does have a mystical edge to it. Joe tries to illuminate bits of history as well, and has had stories based on real stories before the national news caught on... such as a black town that was wiped out of existence back in the thirties, that was reported months later on the national news. The book is getting better all the time, especially now with Paul (*Hellblazer*) Jenkins editing. Mike Perkins is also coming along quickly as an artist and Joe has some great artists, like Phil Hester, lined up for guest

spots. I'd love to see readers support this book, because it's very close to going under, and this type of work needs to be supported. You can always see great artists doing pin-ups in the gallery each issue as well. We've had great people like Steve Rude and Bernie Mireault.

Any chance we'll see more Kilroy interior art from you anytime soon?

Possibly, most probably it will be a short story, though.

What kind of projects do you have lined up?

I have a few things on the back burner, one being a Vampire period piece with Malcolm Bourne based on a painting of mine (Gustav Vampyre) for NBM's *ComicsLit*. I am working on a serial with Warren Ellis for Caliber's '99 comic, *Calibrations*, called "Atmospherics." *Calibrations* will have one continuing story and different short stories in each issue, and the line-up is great, including artists of the caliber (pun intended) of Jill Thompson.

"Atmospherics" is a weird, X-files sort of thing, and it's pretty interesting already, and I've only done the first six pages of 5 installments. This series comes out in June, I think, and it's a black and white painted story. It looks much like the *Negative Burn* story by Mark Verheiden I did called "Favorite Song." But even more eerie and weird, which is an Ellis trademark, believe me. I do have my continuing "Project High" coming out sporadically, plus dream stories in *Negative Burn* and Vietch's *Rarebit Fiends*.

What's it like working with Warren "Syph" Ellis? Warren is great, and I've only started. Great, sick sense of humor, and a lot of good tips on the storytelling.





I loved his *Ruins* for Marvel, which is why I was so happy to do this series.

You seem to be a “multi-media kinda guy.” What sort of tools and techniques do you use to achieve the various effects found in your work?

Most of the painting work is watercolor or watercolor-based. I do some collage work, some acrylic and pastel, pen and ink, etc. Lately I've been doing more digital work as well. So far, I've done two *Kilroy* covers this way, as well as one gaming card, an ad in *Axxess*, my catalog, the covers to this magazine, and a few other things. I'm still pretty new at it. Though most of the day jobs I've had in the last 8 years or so have had me doing computer graphics of some sort, it's only recently I feel I'm actually creating art on the computer, not just graphics.

Do you think that someday the computer will replace traditional media or will it always be a supplement to it?

No, I don't and I hope to God I'm right. I still like traditional media better, but there are some things you can do faster on a computer, and some things that are only possible there (unless you're Miran Kim or Dave McKean). I am liking it better as I become more proficient, though.

You've bounced around and done work for lots of publishers in comics and related fields, but does that keep you busy full time? You mentioned some day jobs.

No way, no way. I've had a full-time job, off and on (mostly on) since I started in comics. Getting ready to go part-time again since my lovely wife Mona is going full-time. My problem is that I don't like (and am not too good at) doing superhero comics anymore, they just don't thrill me. My knowledge of anatomy has suffered lately, especially since I'm no longer able to be in a studio and learn from other artists day in and out. For about a two year period, I shared a studio with artists Scott Benefield, Ben Herrera, Mike Christian, Mike Miller, Saleem Crawford, Ellis Goodson and others. Most of these guys have gone on to work for Image, Marvel and others.

I want to hear about your “Top Secret” day job - any unclassified details you can give us?

Well... I'll tell ya... I had one job, in '85 or so, where I worked right across from what was, supposedly, AREA 51. This was a job on a government contract for the Air Force, working on the Stealth Fighter when it was still classified. We took a 45-minute jet ride to a place in the middle of the Nevada desert, live in trailers until Thursday night, then fly home. Lasted about a year. Good pay, but it wore on me.

I understand that you created artwork used in training the first wave of Stealth Fighter pilots.

Yeah, and one funny thing... about 2 or 3 years ago, at a local Airshow, they had a Stealth Fighter parked on the field, and my logo was on the side of the plane! The exact linework and everything (the squadron was called “The Ghost Riders”!).

What do you get the most satisfaction out of, illustrations for the gaming industry or storytelling for comics?

Probably neither. I'd most like to do more commercial illustration, you know, paintings of people for *Sports Illustrated*, *Time*, some editorial work, that kind of stuff. But I do love comics. I just can't get into drawing the type of stuff I loved as a kid. I like the gaming industry as well, though the coming months may bring changes that will make it a little less enjoyable.

You've done work for Time and SI?

NO! I'd LIKE to. I put an ad in *American Showcase* recently, a big trade industry book that is sent out to thousands of art directors, so maybe that'll help. I don't know what my biggest work, exposure-wise has been to date, probably my ad! Oh, but... I do have a painting coming up in Tori Amos' upcoming Tour Program book, that might do some good.

Are you trying to say anything with your work? Is there anything that ties all your work in disparate fields together - something that makes it all KMJr. work?

Hey, I want to talk about music!

Who's doing this interview??

uh...

Okay talk about music...

Interesting side note here, the Tori Amos portrait I did for *Axxess* Magazine (music, fashion, cyber, etc), I found on a bootleg CD, pressed right on the thing!

That'll be a tough item for KMJr. completists to get a hold of!

The CD? Yeah, it's a live double CD called “Dreaming”, if you're interested. The Tour Book won't be that hard to get. Just go to the damn show!

Anyway, I took the original art to a Tori show here in San Diego and gave it to her. She was nice and friendly, and later a friend of mine, who happened to be the guy who designs her tour books, saw the *Axxess* art and asked me to do the art for the new tour book!

Synchronicity.

I've gone to shows and done this with other musicians like Loudon Wainwright III, Bruce Cockburn, The

Call, X, Springsteen, Sting and U-2. I'm a musical gadfly.

Wait! I thought we were gonna talk about music - not a rampant fanboy stalker armed with artwork!

I'm wild. You can't stop me - just try to stop me! Anyway, about what I'm trying to say... with my art...

So, are you trying to say anything with your work? Anything that ties it all together?

Not really. Wish I could say there was some grand scheme, some deep meaning to my work. I admire people that do have some thread running through everything (and sometimes find them pretentious at the same time), but I'm afraid all I try is to do good work, work I think is a little better than the last thing I did. But I don't always succeed, either, I know that all too well.

Anything else you want to say before we wrap it up - here's your big chance!

Drink Dr. Pepper, the joy...

Uhhh, wait...

I guess not, it's late, my wife is waiting for me, your wife is most likely waiting for you, we have lives, damn you! **LIVES !!!!** Yeah, it's getting late.

A life is a good thing to have.

Yeah, I lucked out. I have a great, patient wife in Mona, a wonderful baby girl named Riley, two other wonderful kids also (Rowan and Rahne), and a life better than many others. Life has been beddy beddy good to me.

Steve Mattsson is the colorist for Untold Tales of Spider-Man and the co-creator/co-writer of the upcoming Superboy and the Ravers series. He still owes Ken a sandwich from the '87 San Diego Comic Con where they first met.

Gothik Art Catalogs - featuring the works of Ken Meyer Jr., are available for \$3.00. Catalogs include 20 pages of over 150 images, plus a full-color insert of new work. Most of the works featured on the front and back cover of this issue of *Lacunae* are available as prints. Prints cost \$10 for 5x7's, \$15 for 8x10's, \$20 for 11x14's and \$50 for 20x28's. Shirts go cost \$20 to \$25, postpaid. Send all catalog orders and inquiries to: 3467 Bevis St, San Diego, CA 92111.

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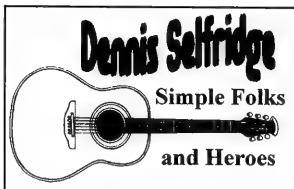
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selves over!

hey, present!
what a week!
idea! Math-
forget I
said that.

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CASTLE!
(meat not
included)

SEE
The merdible
Pregnant Woman!
oooooh!





Listening to this Philadelphia's latest release, I wonder why I never heard his name before. Perhaps I am independent

just ignorant to the East Coast music arena, or the rest of the country is ignorant to this competent musician/singer/writer and recording artist.

A mixture of folk, blues, country, and even a little pop, Dennis Selfridge's latest, *Simple Folks and Heroes*, makes me itch to hear his previous releases - this being his eighth.

Recorded live in May 1993, at the 23EAST Cabaret on the Philadelphia Mainline, *Simple Folks* first hit the music land in January 1994. In a personal note, Dennis told *Lacunae* he had just now gotten his review copies - thus, the delay in review. Nonetheless, this is not a timely CD, and would sound just as good pumping through 120w x 120w today as it would have 2 1/2 years ago.

Dennis' 1992 release, *Don't Curse the Machine*, cracked adult contemporary charts in 16 U.S. cities and the single 900 Girl hit Europe.

"For Now", a single off *Simple Folks*, appeared on a best of Philadelphia CD and led to TV appearances on PRISM, the city's major market pay-per-view channel.

Performing along the likes of Warren Zevon, John Hiatt and David Bromberg, Dennis' voice is smooth and hypnotizing, his guitar work just as flowing. When performing duets Chris McCord and others, Dennis' work, mixed with another, gives an Indigo Girls feel in guitar masterwork, yet climbs above and beyond in lyrics and overall tones.

Top Songs: "In Mourning," "Back Tax Grovel" (based on a true story), "Crack the Biscuit" (you figure it out), "Simple Folks," "Empty Invitations," and (drum roll) "Manayunk Love Song" - a dedication to a fat girl who really annoyed him at an earlier performance.

The Verdict: Write Dennis at DERF Tapes & CDs, 75 W Hillcrest Ave, Havertown, PA 19083; (610) 449-4170. COST: \$15/CD, \$10/Cassette, p/h included.



Dennis Selfridge & Chris McCord

Blood Moon Order

I don't have a lot of information on this "band," there was no press release or other information. But for a four-song cassette, you can't beat sending 2-bucks to check it out. With all songs written, performed, and/or programmed by Anthony Minichino of Westfield, NJ, this collaboration of midi effects and computer enhanced vocals is a good tester of what one can do with home studio equipment. To check out a free copy of Blood Moon Order (recommended), send \$2 to: P O Box 701, Westfield, NJ 07091-0701.

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F) 2 Column 4-1/2" x 10"	\$75.00	\$72.00	\$70.00

Specialty Advertising

<u>Ad Pages</u>	<u>1 Issue</u>	<u>2 Issues</u>	<u>3 Issues</u>
Inside Covers	\$125.00	\$120.00	\$110.00
Back Cover*	\$150.00	\$125.00	\$115.00
C/fold B/W	\$250.00	\$225.00	\$200.00
C/foldClr **	\$450.00	\$425.00	\$400.00
Business Card	\$20.00	\$18.00	\$16.00

* Back Cover price quoted for full color. B/W ad space is available as well. Please inquire.

** Based on advertiser supplied flyer/bind-in

Classified Ads : Per Column Inch

<u>Ad Size</u>	<u>1 Issue</u>	<u>2 Issues</u>	<u>3 Issues</u>
1" Ad	\$10.00	\$8.00	\$7.00
2" Ad	\$12.50	\$11.00	\$10.00
3" Ad	\$14.00	\$12.00	\$10.00
4" Ad	\$15.00	\$12.50	\$12.00
6" Ad	\$18.00	\$15.00	\$12.00

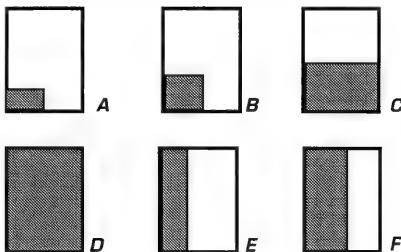
Classified Ads : Word By Word

A) 20 Word Block ad for \$5.00. First two words in Bold or Italic free of charge. .22 cents per additional word. .03 cents per addl. italicized or bold-face word. Address (regardless) = 3 words. Telephone number(s) ea. = 1 word.

B) Discount structure for multi-issue classifieds:

- 1) 1-2 Issues Discount 10%
- 2) 3-4 Issues Discount 15%

DISPLAY ADVERTISING GUIDE



Convention & Events Listings

Comic Convention listings and Store Signing Announcements are available in text-only 1", 2" and 3" classified blocks. Please be sure to list the full address of the convention location or store appearance, date and time, and a contact name and telephone number. For both Convention listings and Appearances, a 1" block guarantees all pertinent information, regardless of length of address, time, etc. Larger blocks are available for the purpose of listing scheduled guests, contests, giveaways and additional information.

<u>Ad Size</u>	<u>1 Issue</u>	<u>2 Issues</u>	<u>3 Issues</u>
1" Block	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00
2" Block	\$7.50	\$6.00	\$4.50
3" Block	\$10.00	\$7.50	\$5.00

Payment

All payments must accompany ad and must be in the form of a check or money order. No credit cards accepted. Payment must be made in full at time of ad purchase. Ad rates subject to change. Deadline for payment is one month prior to solicitation date of upcoming issue. Not responsible for errors in advertisements due to the fault of the advertiser. Not responsible for punctuation or spelling. We reserve the right to deny or reject any advertisement for content deemed offensive, containing adults-only material, for overall reproduction value, or quality of supplied advertisement. Checks &/or Money orders should be made payable & mailed to:

Lacunae
P O Box 827
Clifton Park, NY 12065

The Classifieds

SUBMISSIONS

ARTISTS: Publishing company seeks erotic, yet tasteful illustrations for new projects. Send samples/inquires, name, address & phone number to: BKB1, c/o LACUNAE, P O Box 827, Clifton Park, NY 12065

WRITERS: Dark Muse always seeks innovative fiction & articles in the horror genre. Pays in copies. For issue and guidelines, send \$5 to: Dark Muse Productions, 84 Route 303, Abandon Hope Suite, Tappan, NY 10983

COMICS FOR SALE

FREE CFD catalog, includes back issues, apparel, specialty items. SASE: 360-A W Merrick Rd, Ste 350, Valley Stream, NY 11580.

DISCOUNTS like you wouldn't believe. Call or write for more info. Legacy Comic Distributor, 100 Atwater St, West Haven, CT 06516; {203} 937-9381

COMIC CLUB for serious readers and collectors. Great Discounts. For information, SASE UCI, 53A Otis St., W Babylon, NY 11704. Use code LAC.

HELP WANTED

ADREPS - Media Services International, representing publishers like CFD, Dark Muse and Eyeful Press, seeks ad reps. Pay on commission for block and classified ads. Fax letter with information to (518) 383-1781.

KITS FOR SALE

MODEL KITS for serious collectors. Featuring horror and parodies. For full catalog, SASE Nightlife Productions, P O Box 5542, Deltona, FL 32728-5542. Nightlife is home of the limited edition, licensed Razor model kit, signed by Everette Hartsoe.

The Job Market

OPENINGS

Note: The Job Market: OPENINGS is a service to *Lacunae* readers. *Lacunae* suggests writers & artists always include: cover letter w/ name, address, phone no. & credits, name and phone no. on each page of submission, and an SASE for return of submission and reply. It is wise to view copies of a publication before making submissions. While *Lacunae* makes every effort to offer valid listings, *Lacunae* does not guarantee validity of companies or guidelines within. Publishing companies may list openings free by sending specifications by mail or e-mail. Unless otherwise specified, listings will run one issue.

WRITERS/ARTISTS: Dark Muse is looking for innovative art, fiction & articles in the horror genre. Pays in copies. Submissions: c/o Daniel Burr, 8524 Hwy. 6N, #323, Houston, TX 77095

ARTISTS: Full Moon Publications seeks submissions for various fanzines and newsletters {horror, occult, mystery, true crime, sci-fi/fantasy, western, movie nostalgia, literary, writers' themes and topics}. SASE for guidelines: P O Box 517, Metairie, LA 70004-0517

ARTISTS/WRITERS: Legacy is looking for submissions. Will contract page rates for world-wide publication rights. Creators retain ownership. Short stories, pin-ups, comics to 3 pages, comic strips. B&W. For more info, e-mail: legacy@accent.net

PENCILLERS/INKERS/WRITERS/LETTERERS/EDITORS: GEMINI is looking for submissions for new comic anthologies. Copies not returned. Rights and rates discussed. SASE guidelines: 101 Wilshire Blvd., Wilmington, NC 28403. E-mail: gem0100@aol.com

WRITERS: Maple Syrup Simmering, online zine, seeks fiction submissions. Currently no pay. View site at: <http://web.idirect.com/~canuck/canzine.html> Guidelines: Paul Lima, 75161.1103@compuserve.com

ARTISTS: Enigma Comics - b&w proposal for solicitation and/or self-pub. Story features strong female role - does not rely on sexuality to tease audience with intrigue. Bobby Halo dares to keep her clothes on while searching for the truth about the mysteries of Life, the World, and Beyond. Join her along with her friends, the seductive Mustang Sally and the enigmatic Novak, the man of mystery. Samples: P O Box 58006, Charleston, WV 25358-0006, Attn: Ron Phillips. E-mail: 103330,1465@compuserve.com

WRITERS/ARTISTS/REVIEWERS: *Lacunae* considers submissions year round. Payment in copies and great recognition in comic and writing industries. Submissions to: P O Box 827, Clifton Park, NY 12065. E-mail (no upload - text only): lacunaemag@aol.com OR 75221,560@compuserve.com

WRITERS: Juniper Hill Press - general interest articles, provides promotion. SASE guidelines: P O Box 504, Heber City, Utah 84032.

FOR POSITIONS SOUGHT: To offer services, special rate of \$5 per issue includes up to 30 words. Block ads for featuring art & text are available by the inch {1/2 page wide X 1" high} - special: 3 inches - \$10, \$25 for 3 issues. Must be camera ready. Payment - check or MO - must accompany ad.

Two Full Interviews
Two Living Legends
One issue of Lacunae

TYRANT'S
Steve Bissette

&

Horror Author
Wayne Allen Sallee

Featuring full-color cover by Bissette and original fiction by Sallee

All in LACUNAE #8

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FALCON

